The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1926 NUMBER 580

Contents

The Week 199

Editorials
- The Latest Edition of the Farmer's Revolt 203
- If Germany Cannot Pay— 205
- The Millionaire Publisher Dies 206

General Articles
- Governor Jim ..... Dan Williams 208
- Whither Canada? ..... Hector McKinnon 210
- El Gallo (Verse) ..... Witter Bynner 211
- The Call to Deliver ..... E. Vincent 212
- Things and Places ..... Gilbert Seldes 214
- Texas Lights ..... Stark Young 216
- The Jazz Problem ..... Edmund Wilson 217

Correspondence 219

Reviews of Books
- The Symbol of Conservatism..Thomas Reed Powell 221
- Progress in the Government of Cities..... .....Jerome G. Kerwin 222
- Men, Flies and Statistics ..... C. E. Ayres 223
- Moralizing Lady Mary ..... Helen Sard Hughes 224
- As to the West—Far and Middle..Percy H. Boynton 224
- America's Philosophy ..... Lewis Mumford 225
- Mere Mortals ..... B. G. 225

The Week

MUSSOLINI'S is the blackest shadow which lies over Europe at the present time. The belief is widespread that the future policy of the Italian Dictator is likely to prove the most dangerous and disruptive force at work anywhere on the continent. The heart of the Fascist "philosophy" is the use of force; if the time should come when it had nothing to fight about, Mussolini's Black Shirt organization might be in danger of melting away. In internal affairs he has been almost too successful for his own good. He has crushed political opposition, exiled or intimidated his enemies, almost literally abolished hostile criticism in the press and elsewhere. In order to continue to feed Italy the now familiar diet of raw meat, his enemies believe he may be compelled to embark upon a dramatic external policy of some sort. France and England would hardly be likely to permit him to go to war with Austria; and we trust he would be too shrewd to put his hand into the fire by picking a quarrel with Jugoslavia. What he is most likely to choose, if the prophets are correct, is an effort at colonial aggrandizement, perhaps in northern Africa. Such an attempt, however, might easily lead to international friction of the sort which culminates in war. Meanwhile, with his talk of a new Holy Roman Empire, his proposal for "an all-Latin bloc" and the attacks which his Fascisti are making on the Locarno Pact, he is worrying the chancellories of western Europe just at the moment when they thought to enjoy a little well earned peace. Already, pessimists are saying that Italian intransigeance is likely to be the fatal stumbling block in the path of the coming League Conference on Disarmament.

THE last vestiges of freedom are being stamped out in Italy with a scientific thoroughness which must excite the admiration of all those American business men whose avowed love for Mussolini is based on his "efficiency." No citizen is permitted, under the new statutes, to speak or write in anything but hearty approbation of Il Duce and all his works. A hostile critic, if he lives in Italy, is subject to fine and imprisonment; and if he lives abroad, any Italian property he may possess is subject to confiscation. Civil government, by another decree, has been abolished outright in all towns with fewer than 5,000 inhabitants. These are now to be ruled direct from Rome. The last of the opposition newspapers have given up the ghost, after a period of declining circulations due to the fact that the public did not care to wade through their heavily censored columns and read about birds and flowers. In short, the present internal administration of Italy is as strikingly similar to that of Russia, as their foreign policies are for the moment along parallel lines.

AS THOUGH President Coolidge were not in trouble enough over the tariff, what with the revolt of the farmers against it, its breakdown in the New England textile industry, and the difficulties it presents to our European debtors as they attempt to pay up, now comes an assault upon the Tariff Commission from one of its present members, and from the distinguished economist who was formerly its chairman. Edward P. Costigan, a member of the commission, declared the other day before the American Economic Association that "taken as a whole," it "has ceased to represent disinterested and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

non-partisan independence." He demanded a Congressional investigation of its activities and declared that in the meantime funds should be withheld from it and the nominations of the two most recent members should not be confirmed. Dr. F. W. Taussig of Harvard, former chairman of the commission, speaking at the same meeting, stated his belief that in recent appointments political expediency has been "carried to a dangerous and lamentable extreme." The same general situation exists, he observed, in the Federal Trade and Interstate Commerce Commissions. Particularly deplorable was the change made in 1922, when the Tariff Commission was altered from a fact-finding body into one with virtual power to alter rates. In theory, such alterations are supposed to be made in accordance with changes in the cost of manufacture abroad; but since these costs can never be ascertained exactly, the personal prejudices of the commissioners in favor of high or low tariffs are bound to affect their judgment.

THAT Messrs. Taussig and Costigan are right, everyone who has looked into the recent history of the Tariff Commission knows. For a time after 1922 its personnel was evenly divided between high and low tariff men, with the result that it simply failed to function—which was, on the whole, an excellent result. As vacancies have developed, President Coolidge's nominations have constituted an open and unashamed effort to pack the commission with men as unswervingly devoted to protectionism as himself. His whole philosophy is such that this undoubtedly seems to him a natural and proper proceeding, both in the Tariff Commission and elsewhere. It is probable that he actually does not understand that the present high tariff is costing the consuming public billions of dollars a year; if he did, he would hardly have ventured to quote the ridiculous false figures used in his Chicago address before the American Farm Bureau Federation. But even if he understood it, he would in all probability continue to act as at present. He has been a volunteer little brother to big business all his life; and big business on the whole is still overwhelmingly protectionist.

ECONOMISTS have often told us that the size of a profit is commensurate with the risk involved in the business which makes it. You can get a low return with safety, or a chance of a high return if you are willing to take the chance. This is what is supposed to justify large profits. Now banks ought to furnish examples of this theory par excellence, because their sole business is the loaning or investment of capital. We have therefore inspected with great interest the profit figures of George F. Baker's First National Bank in New York, now published for the first time. Starting with a capital of $200,000 in 1863, this bank has distributed $105,810,000 in dividends and increased its capital to $10,000,000. It established in 1908 a subsidiary investment company which has a capital of $10,000,000, and has distributed in dividends $33,700,000. The surplus and undivided profits of both institutions now amount, in addition, to $89,816,958. This year the bank is paying 100 percent dividends. The price of each of its shares, which presumably started not higher than $100, is now between $2,950 and $2,990—an increase of nearly thirty-fold. What a risky business national banking must be! How loose must be the laws which are supposed to provide that bank funds shall be safely employed! Hereafter we shall be tempted to keep our extra money in our stocking, or to invest it in something comparatively safe such as oil wells or Florida real estate.

THE American Telephone and Telegraph Company, often credited with being one of the most intelligently managed corporations in the United States, is menaced by the danger of storms of adverse public opinion every time one of its subsidiaries tries to secure higher telephone rates. The subsidiary—as at present in New York—pleads poverty. It is under the jurisdiction of a local commission. The local commission, examining its affairs, finds that a large share of its expense consists of payments for service to the parent A. T. and T., and of payments for equipment to the Western Electric Company, which is a subsidiary to the A. T. and T. The commission, like everyone else, knows that the A. T. and T. is highly profitable, that it makes constantly increasing distributions to its shareholders, and that it is subject to no regulating body whatever. This creates a state of mind highly critical to the subsidiary's plea, and is bound to do so, whatever the merits of the particular case. When, in spite of this irritating situation, the subsidiary negates the power of the local commission by appealing over its head to the courts and trying tortuously to establish theories of valuation designed in its own interest—as also at present in New York—it invites public vengeance to descend on the head of the parent corporation. If the New York Telephone Company should now succeed in getting a rate increase by injunction, it would deal a body blow to the prestige of unregulated national public service corporations.

SCORE another point for Senator Wheeler of Montana in his long battle with the Ohio Gang, which made its nest in the Department of Justice during the Daugherty days. The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has now dismissed the case against the Senator charging him with criminal conspiracy in connection with the so-called "oil land cases." This is his third exoneration on these charges. A committee of the U. S. Senate investigated the matter and pronounced him guiltless, as did a jury in a Montana federal district court. It is reported in Washington that President Coolidge is now of a mind to drop the case, and we hope he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will. Never was a more bare-faced and brazen attempt at judicial persecution than this attempt of the Department of Justice to "get" Senator Wheeler, first in order to prevent, and afterwards to get revenge for, his brilliant, fearless work in exposing the rottenness of the Department in the Harding-Daugherty régime. Our readers will remember how one Blair Coan, representing the National Republican Committee, was sent from Washington to Montana on a fishing expedition for the purpose of finding something in Wheeler's record which could be used to blackmail him into dropping his investigation. Several Department of Justice operatives were sent for the same purpose. How valuable was the material they dug up may be judged from the fact that Justice Bailey, dismissing the case, observes that "in my opinion, the indictment charges no violation of the laws of the United States and therefore is bad." The whole incident remains a blot on the record of the Department of Justice, which it can never efface, and which looks worse, the more it is considered.

WE DO not see any great justice in the demand of the anthracite operators that miners' wages should be fixed, if the parties cannot agree, by a board in which the finally deciding voice shall be held by persons appointed by the President of the United States, or the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, or similar dignitaries. The fact that a board of this kind might have access to accounting records modifies, but does not remove our objection to it, for there is no assurance how much attention they would pay to records. The essential differences between this and the Pinchot proposal, which the miners accepted, are: first, that the Pinchot proposal covers the present disagreement only and does not bind the miners to a static situation for the indefinite future; second, that it submits to the impartial members not a general question but a concrete one, i. e., in view of the accounting facts, can wages be increased without increasing prices, and if so, how much? Expert determination of facts and their consequences can be left to outsiders, not the decisions basically important to the participants in an industry. We wonder whether the operators would have made their proposal if the President of the United States were a candidate of a labor party, or at least someone less wedded to the capitalist régime in all its panoply and power than Mr. Coolidge.

THE Holy Name Society of New York City, according to the Rev. Eugene J. Callahan, is about to undertake a crusade against profanity on the stage, and particularly that which involves the name of the Deity. The Holy Name Society has our cheerful permission to undertake any crusade it pleases, sensible or otherwise. At the same time, it is fair to point out that this one represents a rather cowardly evasion of the real problem which the Holy Name Society undoubtedly doesn't dare tackle because of its size. The use of profanity on the stage is an aspect of art. It is an attempt to present with verisimilitude characters who would be likely to use it in real life. The only honest attempt at suppression would therefore be one which sought to deodorize and make fragrant the conversation of the general population. Here is a real job for someone to tackle; but the self-appointed guardians of other people's morals carefully avoid this genuine, man's size job. Playwrights are few in number, and without much influence with municipal authorities, most of whom have just about the same general level of intelligence as the censors. Preventing the artists from portraying truly those aspects of life which one does not approve of is possible; and will help to build up a satisfying sense that progress is somehow being made. We should call this policy ostrich-like, but the phrase would be an insult to a bird which by comparison seems remarkably intelligent.

SENATOR COUZENS was bound to uncover some very doubtful cases of tax refunds to wealthy corporations and individuals, and it is no surprise that the total amount of refunds last year was in excess of $150,000,000. This does not necessarily imply corruption or conscious favoritism in the Treasury Department. The law is in many ways ambiguously drawn, and requires interpretation. Those who interpret it for the government are inadequately paid and often inexpert, while the accountants and lawyers contending with them in behalf of taxpayers receive magnificent sums. If, notwithstanding this disadvantage, the government holds out for no refund, or a smaller one than the taxpayer is willing to accept, the latter can go to court and involve the government in endless legal expense. This promotes a disposition to compromise even when principles must be violated. There are three remedies for this situation: first, better wording of the law; second, greater rewards and security for the government officials who have to decide; and third, most important of all, complete publicity of returns. Only by building up a moral atmosphere about the proceedings which publicity makes possible will the hand of the Treasury be strengthened and the taxpayers be restrained from taking every advantage possible, whether or not it is justified. We would also suggest that the whole situation emphasizes the impropriety in having as Secretary of the Treasury a man who himself owns one of the three or four largest stakes in the country in taxpaying enterprises.

THE other day the Bulgarian government announced with a flourish that it would proclaim amnesty for the political prisoners still in its hands. Here in America the promise may have been received at its face value, but in Europe it could have produced only incredulity. If the Bulgarian government is now willing to call a halt, the only plausible reason is that it has succeeded in killing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everyone whom the present authorities have any reason to fear. Since the Cathedral outrage ten months ago, Bulgaria has been the scene of cruelty and bloodshed almost unique even in a time which has witnessed so many horrible deeds in many lands as the present. Only one person ever confessed complicity in the bomb outrage, the sacristan. The alleged documents incriminating Moscow turned out, as so many others have done, to be a forgery. Yet Bulgaria has seized the opportunity to ferret out scores and hundreds of communists and alleged communists and put them to death, legally or illegally, frequently on the basis of "confessions" secured by means of diabolical torture. From a reliable, which is to say, a non-Balkan, source come some of the facts of this long-drawn-out St. Bartholomew's Day. The League of the Rights of Man, in Germany, has issued a report based on a careful survey, and sponsored by a responsible committee including such names as those of Doctor Einstein, Prof. Julius Hirsch, Von Gerlach, Gen. von Schoenaich, etc. It gives details regarding 162 "legal" executions, and more than 150 cases of illegal murder—though it is hard to draw the line when the rights of the accused and the ordinary laws of evidence are disregarded so completely. Dozens of the persons executed were hardly more than children, boys, and in some cases girls, in their teens. One is accustomed not to expect too much of the Balkans in the way of refinements of civilization; but Bulgaria has now accomplished the not inconsiderable feat of outdoing herself in savagery.

INCREASING pensions for civil service employes as provided under the Stanley-Lehlbach bill should be one of the chief cares of the present Congress. The pension is not a gratuity from the employer; it is an essential instrument of good administration. Superannuated employes who cannot be retired because they would have no adequate means of support cost the service more than would a sufficient pension plan. Employes who cannot look forward to security in their old age cannot be as loyal and efficient, nor can the service attract as high a grade of personnel unless it can offer such security. This would be true if the employer paid the whole cost of the pensions. Yet in the federal plan the employes themselves contribute liberally from their salaries, and as a matter of fact the government has not yet paid a cent to the fund. At present the maximum pension is $720, which is woefully inadequate. It is so inadequate, in fact, that in many grades of the service almost as many men have requested and have been allowed continued employment beyond the retirement age of 70 as have been retired. The proposed bill would raise the maximum to $1,200, and would in other ways increase annuities all down the line. In addition it would permit voluntary retirement after thirty years of service, thus recognizing that superannuation is a condition of the individual, not an accompaniment of a definite age. Even the proposed amendments are below the standards of many other pension plans now in force in private industry, states, and municipalities.

SCIENTISTS should be the last persons to assume the rôle of prophet; and we are sorry to see Dr. W. W. Campbell, an astronomer and former director of Lick Observatory, doing this foolish and unnecessary thing. Doctor Campbell is now President of the University of California, which is not only co-educational, but boasts of a girls' debating team. These damsels proposed to debate with the damsels from Stanford University, on the lively and interesting subject, "Resolved, that the family is an unnecessary element in the progress of civilization." Doctor Campbell heard of this, and forbade the forensics. He called the subject "indelicate." He called it "unsuitable." He said that "the family is a conditionally permanent social group," which if it means anything at all, is historically untrue. He added the usual impassioned funeral oration always delivered over the corpse of free speech: "Academic freedom does not involve the right of anyone to discuss any subject of his or her choice upon a University of California platform before an invited general public audience." In other words, academic freedom involves the right to discuss only what seems to Doctor Campbell, with his quaint view of history, proper. Evidently he feels that the arguments in favor of the family are so weak and wobbly they are sure to be overthrown if the subject is aired. This makes us wonder, dear Doctor Campbell: what sort of family life prevails on the University of California campus, anyway?

THE more extensively historians delve into the records of the Great War, the less is it possible (as Prof. Sidney B. Fay pointed out last week) to accept the theory that Germany and her allies were solely responsible. That theory is set forth in Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles; but everyone knows that that the Treaty was signed by Germany "with a pistol at her head"; and the admission of guilt has been repudiated over and over by her leaders during the past seven years. Five months ago, a group of more than 100 distinguished French men and women joined in signing a plea that Article 231 and Articles 227 to 230, making the charges of "offences against international morality and the sanctity of treaties" and "violation of the laws and customs of war" should be amended. Taking advantage of the opportunity afforded by the improved atmosphere since Locarno, an equally distinguished British committee has now made a similar plea.

> We regard these articles [says the petition] which were forcibly imposed upon a defeated nation under the most terrible threats, as having expressed a state of mind in the Allied and Associated Powers which has now largely passed away. We believe that they are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manifestly unjust and constitute a grave obstacle to international understanding. Consequently, we urge the Governments concerned either to amend these articles with no further delay, or, if amendment of the treaty prove too long and cumbrous a proceeding, to announce severally their intention to disregard them.

Among the signatures are those of

Arnold Bennett, the Bishop of Birmingham, Margaret Bondfield, Muirhead Bone, H. N. Brailsford, the Dean of Bristol, W. H. Davies, G. Lowes Dickinson, St. John Ervine, Prof. G. I. Gooch, Francis W. Hirst, J. A. Hobson, Laurence Housman, Julian Huxley, J. M. Keynes, Harold Laski, C. E. Montague, Gilbert Murray, H. W. Nevinson, Bertrand Russell, G. B. Shaw, R. H. Tawney, Raymond Unwin, Leonard Woolf, Virginia Woolf, H. G. Wells, and numerous other historians, clergymen, publicists and authors.

England and France are the two countries which had the most reason to feel deeply on this subject. Yet in both, virtually all the real leaders of thought have come forward to denounce the "myth of a guilty nation."

A similar declaration from an American group would, for obvious reasons, have peculiar weight. We trust it will not be long delayed.

THE Navy's official inquiry into the Shenandoah disaster has brought in a report which oddly enough exonerates the Navy. In substance it says that the ship was lost because of the storm, though the reduction in the number of gas valves may have been partly responsible and was "inadvisable." It flatly contradicts Secretary Wilbur's statement that Commander Lansdowne had never protested against making the flight at a time of year when storms were known to be unusually prevalent. The court shows that he did protest; and only gave in after his objection had been overruled by his superior officers. They wanted the airship to fly over the state fairs at Columbus, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Detroit because such appearances would make the present Republican administration popular with the communities thus visited. It is possible that Commander Lansdowne and his men were sent to their death by a Navy Department less concerned with the avoidance of needless risk than with keeping Mr. Coolidge popular. On this point the testimony of the inquiry board is interesting. It recommends that in the future trips shall be confined to "essentially naval and military operations." In other words: Not guilty, but don't do it again.

The Latest Edition of the Farmer's Revolt

ACCORDING to the news reports from Washington the agricultural West has again risen in revolt against the government of the day. President Coolidge's speech of a month ago, which according to the newspaper reports at the time was supposed to have persuaded the farmer that, as things are now, he was obtaining and would increasingly obtain a fat slice of the great American Utopia, was received, not with enthusiastic approval, but with frank chagrin. Those farmers whose products are in part marketed abroad, and in particular the producers of corn, are demanding permanent protection for their standard of living. Neither the tariff nor the conditions which regulate the prices of agricultural products provide it for them. So they are renewing their former demand for a government corporation which will dispose of the export surplus in a way which will stabilize domestic prices at a profitable level. If they are not granted legislation of this kind, their representatives in Congress will attack those schedules of the tariff on manufactured goods which raise the price of farmers' purchases, and they will vote against Republican candidates at the next Congressional election. The President is stated to be so much impressed by this revolt that he is considering whether he should not concede to the malcontents some form of export corporation.

For our part we doubt whether the Republicans will create any competent official agency for dealing with the export surplus or whether, if such concessions are refused, the farmers will stage an effective insurrection. Expert economic opinion is sceptical of the practicability of stabilizing domestic agricultural prices by the use of such an expedient unless it were accompanied by some regulation of the volume of production. Ordinarily Republican politicians do not spend sleepless nights in the effort to please expert economists, but in this instance their own inclinations and pledges run in the direction of orthodoxy. The Secretaries of the Treasury and Commerce, who divide the responsibility of advising the President on economic policy, are definitely opposed to the plan, and, of course, the existing tendency of Republicanism and Coolidgism is to frown upon any further interference by the government with business. As to the political consequences of refusing the farmer's demands, Republican politicians will not borrow much trouble on that score. The farmers' representatives are threatening to attack the tariff, not because they have the will and the power to injure protectionism, but because the threat seems to be a handy club which may avail to force an export corporation on the administration. The party leaders will remember how many farmers' revolts, apparently much more serious than this, they have smothered in the past.

There are no indications that the farmers' representatives in and out of Congress can, if they will, wage a dangerous or victorious war against the protective tariff. High protection is apparently more firmly established and more generally accepted in this country than ever before. Even some of those economists who least believe in it are inclined to despair of active opposition. As a choice between evils they prefer any comparatively permanent tariff to the uncertainty which is inseparable from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

periodic agitations in favor of drastic revision. The Democratic party has, it appears, also given up the ghost. It is attempting to make party capital out of the farmers' discontent, but its real attitude is shown by its recent refusal to stand up and be counted in favor of a reduction of indirect rather than direct taxation. The increasing industrialization of the South is having its inevitable effect in abating the historic opposition of the cotton states to a high tariff.

There is in protection something congenial to the generally prevailing American attitude towards economic rewards. The American people like to assume that they have entered into an implicit most-favored-nation treaty with nature and Providence. Special favors and opportunities, which will enable an American citizen to make money easily, belong to him by birth. His country is a green valley which will provide an abundance for everybody, assuming that property rights are protected and foreign goods, manufactured under less fortunate foreign conditions, are shut out. The people look upon themselves as a society of producers, for whom consumption is incidental. They expect as an automatic result of subsidizing and encouraging domestic production in all its forms to provide for the maximum number of Americans the satisfaction of every essential to happiness. They are all supposed to be receiving favors. It is merely a matter of passing them around.

There is some truth in this vision, but it is not so true as it was. For several generations the ordinary man was offered the opportunity of acquiring his share of the natural resources of the country in the form of free agricultural, timber and mineral lands. Access to these resources was considered to be the birthright of every plain American citizen without capital, and it was when these bounties were being distributed that American industry also became accustomed to no less privileged treatment. Of late years the practically complete distribution of the national domain has destroyed the balance of the earlier American national economy. The government has continued to shower privileges on American manufacturing industries, but it no longer possesses desirable lands, timber or mineral property to scatter among the plain people. For some time the farmer himself did not feel the pinch of this discrimination. He was in many cases benefiting from the rise in the price of his land which resulted from the emancipation of his farm from the competition of the newly cultivated territory, but since the end of the War this consolation has failed him. The new soil now coming under cultivation is situated in other countries. The American farmer with his high-priced land and labor has suffered severely under this competition which depresses domestic as well as export prices. That is why he is demanding the same shelter for his domestic market that the tariff guarantees to the manufacturers.

The American farmer in this respect has a grievance. As compared to the other American economic classes, he is no longer the recipient of favors from the government. The protection of his standard of living which he is now demanding, whatever its economic drawbacks, is only the logical extension to his case of the service which the law and government of the United States is actually rendering to industrial producers. But neither the farmers themselves nor Republican statesmanship seem capable of restoring agriculture to its former equality in this respect with industry. The rewards and opportunities of commerce, finance and industry are so much richer, more varied and more numerous than those of owning and cultivating a farm that until those rewards and opportunities are curtailed, it seems impossible to redress the balance. In the meantime it looks as if industry and finance will be powerful enough to refuse to agriculture the subsidy which might for a few years relieve the effects of the existing discrimination against it.

The discrimination against the American farmer is not born chiefly of high protection. Although the tariff schedules undoubtedly intensify it, similar grievance exists in all countries except those whose farmers are capable of widespread and intelligent coöperative organization. Throughout the world capitalism with its emphasis on exclusive profits, centralized organization, salesmanship and a scramble for personal advantage is diminishing the comparative rewards of the agricultural producer and often at the same time depriving him of the power of effectively resisting his own economic decay. The indictment is particularly true of the United States. The American farmer watches with increasing envy and discontent the excitement, the gayety, the leisure and the affluence which his urban fellow-citizen enjoys. He is becoming more and more hopeless of getting what he takes to be his fair share of these goods. The chances are all against him. If he is an energetic, ambitious and enterprising man, he seeks or makes an opportunity to migrate to the city.

It seems inevitable that at least for another decade the more able American farmers will continue to desert the countryside for the city. Life on the farm will become increasingly shiftless, inefficient and impoverished. The Republican leaders will wish and will try to check this process of decay. In seeking to promote coöperative organization among the farmers, they will appeal to the principle and to the method which alone can restore prosperity and vigor to life on the farm. But there will be one grave obstacle to their success. The popular state of mind which is generated by successful American capitalism is incompatible with widespread and loyal popular interest in a coöperative experiment. A people whose eyes are dazzled by the spectacle of so much wealth, acquired in many cases so easily and so much by accident or favor, will not have the morale which is needed for loyal and patient work in return for modest and widely distributed rewards. Coöperation will have to wait until the process of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

capitalist promotion is less triumphant and dangles fewer easily earned prizes before the popular imagination.

Neither is there any indication that the farmers, while they are suffering from this process of economic and social decay, will develop the kind of political initiative which they need in order to assert their interests. The lack of unity, of class consciousness and of social outlook which handicaps them as prospective coöperators will interfere with their organization into a powerful and self-conscious political group. They are easily diverted and easily fooled. The politicians bank upon their credulity. No economic class ever cherished a clearer or a heavier grievance against a supposedly benevolent government than the farmers did against Republican rule after March 4, 1921. They staged a famous revolt at that time, but a rise in the price of wheat in the summer of 1924 was enough to send millions of the malcontents back to the Republican party. The farmers do not know their own minds and because they do not know their minds they cannot develop leadership. For these reasons it is impossible to take seriously their latest insurrection. The social, economic and political forces which will resist their attempt to obtain security for their standard of living are much more powerful than the forces which the farmers themselves can mobilize in favor of their own doubtful program. The protection which the farmer really needs is protection against those habits and ideas in himself which blind him to what his true interests as a cultivator of the soil really are and how they can best be safeguarded.

If Germany Cannot Pay—

IN a recent editorial on the foreign debt policy of the United States we pointed out some of the confusions and dangers of that policy. Piling the Pelion of new private loans on the Ossa of still undischarged and probably undischargeable war debts; making deceptive and dishonest agreements such as that with Italy for the payment of huge sums half a century hence, so that new private loans of doubtful desirability can now be extended; attempting to extract from European nations, which normally have little or no surplus for export, payments which can only be made in export surpluses, and which thus either will be impossible to transfer or can be transferred only at the cost of severe economic sacrifice; stirring up the international discord which is bound to result from such attempts—these are the most serious aspects of the policy.

In order to decide what we ought to do about this situation it may assist clarity to analyze it step by step—first, German reparations; second, Allied war debts; third, post-war private loans. The three are in many ways interwoven, but that fact will appear in the discussion.

The common view of the Dawes plan is that it has established a mechanism which enables us to dodge any theoretical decision in advance as to whether reparations can be paid and if so in what quantities; these questions are to be determined by experience as time goes on, and the Allies, with the United States, are in charge of the agencies which will decide. The trouble with this view is that we are not acting upon it. We are going ahead just as if we already knew that reparations were to be paid in full. We are extending large private credits to German industry, which must be worthless if reparations are to be a prior obligation and cannot be paid. We are making agreements for the settlement of Allied war debts on the basis of a pretended consideration of their ability to pay, when their ability to pay will be enormously lessened if German reparations are not forthcoming. We have not waited, and cannot wait to see what the Dawes plan will bring forth before making practical decisions based on its fruits.

Authoritative economists are still divided on the possibility of reparations payments, but their divisions do not give us much hope. Dr. H. G. Moulton and his associates of the Institute of Economics in Washington, who wrote Germany's Capacity to Pay, have made the most thorough and detailed studies of the subject, which have convinced them that little or no payment will be forthcoming. They are opposed in theory by some conservative economists, who point out that the mechanism of international transfer as described in classical theory has operated to produce large international payments in the past, and that no serious breaches have been made in this theory. They make several reservations, however, in the application of the theory to present circumstances. One of its essential features is that a depreciation of the foreign exchange of the debtor nation must accompany payment. But the Dawes plan is framed so that payments will be stopped if a depreciated exchange results. This provision must be altered before payments can be made even according to classical theory. And the more intelligent of these economists are doubtful how far a falling exchange can be allowed to go without interfering with the domestic economy of Germany, and thus restricting the production of any internal surplus which might be applied to payment. Some of them furthermore point out that the classical theory was devised to explain international payments arising normally from the foreign investment of capital, that it is merely a theory of transfer, and hence that it does not take into consideration the difficulty involved in rearranging the internal economy of a nation which is not lending or repaying capital used for productive purposes, but which is paying large reparations or loans suddenly imposed on its industrial system without a corresponding readjustment of, or increase in, productive capacity. The upshot of their discussions is therefore more a defense of old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theory than any assurance of how, why, and how much Germany can pay in reparations. The most they can offer is an unexplained hope, based on an optimistic disposition and a caution against making negative predictions, that somehow a way will be found. In our minds this theoretical caution does not weigh heavily against such pointed examinations of the actual situation as have been made by Dr. Moulton.

It is furthermore to be remarked that this economists' controversy is concerned chiefly with the actual possibility of payment. All would agree that even if payment is to be made, it can be made only at the cost of heavy sacrifices by the German people. The desirability of imposing such sacrifices they leave to public opinion and the statesmen. There are few economists indeed who would venture to predict that within a generation Germany could experience such an increase in productivity that she could be deprived of the scheduled reparation payments and still maintain standards of living for her people equivalent to those existing before the War. Still less could she keep pace with social improvements which other nations might enjoy.

The public and the statesmen cannot follow the tortuous intricacies of the economists' discussions of the subject, but they can note that there is considerable doubt as to whether there is any possibility of payment, and that, to say the very least, no one has produced a conclusive answer to those careful students who confidently predict that reparations cannot be paid. The public can in addition note that even if reparation payments should be possible, they would bear heavily for years on millions of German children who were born too late to deserve any responsibility for Germany's exclusive war guilt—if that may still be assumed. If the public does not perceive any injustice in this outcome, it may at least reckon with the continuing disturbance to international good will and peace which is certain to result.

We believe it extremely likely that within five years there will be a revision of the Dawes plan and a virtual cancellation of reparations. This action is already being seriously discussed among responsible statesmen and informed experts. We believe strong pressure for such action will arise because of the desire of private American creditors, who have loaned money in Germany during the past year, to validate their investments, if for no other reason. But if this is to take place, it is important for us to know it now and to act on the probability before we get into further difficulties by building on the doubtful assumption that Germany can pay. The quicker American opinion comes to the conclusion that German reparations must be virtually wiped off the slate of our calculations, the better it will be for all concerned.

We shall discuss in subsequent issues the questions of Allied war debts and post-war loans.

The Millionaire Publisher Dies

THE past few weeks, by a coincidence, have seen the deaths of two of the best-known millionaire publishers in the country, Victor Lawson of Chicago and Frank A. Munsey of New York. The two men were about as unlike in character as it is possible to be; and yet there is a surprising degree of resemblance in the methods by which they disposed of their money. In each case, newspapers formed an important part of the estate. Mr. Lawson's Chicago Daily News, valued at about $14,000,000, had absorbed his energies during almost half a century and was the chief source of his wealth. Mr. Munsey had come into possession of the New York (evening) Sun late in life, and it was but one of seventeen newspapers which he had owned, of which he had sold or killed fifteen. However, the paper, currently valued at about $10,000,000, probably represents at least a quarter of the value of his total estate.

The most remarkable thing about the wills of these two gentlemen is that in neither case was there any recognition of the part played by associates on their newspapers in building up their respective properties. Both men, to be sure, left legacies of a few thousand dollars each to some of the men with whom they had been most closely associated; but these legacies were no more than the conventional distribution of pourboires, which are expected of Croesus when he dies. It is true that Mr. Lawson was a competent newspaper man and had worked faithfully on behalf of his paper; but others on its staff were almost, if not quite, as competent and many worked as hard and loyally as he. It would be absurd to maintain that he was mainly responsible, or one-quarter responsible, for its success, which was as a matter of fact primarily due to the growth of the city. Yet there is no evidence that it ever entered his head that his coworkers had any sort of claim upon himself or the paper. He left the News as part of the estate to be administered by a bank; and the bank proceeded to put it on the market. There was no guarantee that it would not be purchased and suppressed, or changed so radically—perhaps involving wholesale dismissal of the editorial staff—that it would not have been recognizable. What has happened, in fact, is that a syndicate of wealthy Chicagoans has been formed to buy the paper. It has put up part of the money and is trying to raise $8,000,000 more from the sale of debentures to the public. The existing management is to be retained. This is an experiment, however, of decidedly dubious outlook. Group ownership is highly unsatisfactory as far as the maintenance of a wise and public-spirited editorial policy is concerned. It is fair to say that if Mr. Lawson had cherished a lively dislike for his own newspaper and for the colleagues who had helped him build it up, he could hardly have been more indifferent to the welfare of both.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Munsey's case is similar. While he had owned the Sun and the Telegram only a few years, the former paper had earned him large sums of money, and the staffs of both had worked for him, and some of them for the former owners, faithfully and hard. Mr. Munsey also distributed a few pourboires to some of the highly-paid executives with whom he came into immediate contact. Yet he made no provision for the continuance of his papers, nor for the future of the workers on them. Indeed, he specifically ordered that his journals be sold as speedily as possible—which means that without exception the members of their staffs must face a future full of uncertainty. So glaring, indeed, has been Mr. Munsey's ingratitude to the men whose efforts have been earning him more than a million dollars a year, that an attempt has been made to defend him by arguing that he had plans for "mutualizing" his newspapers which death prevented him from carrying into effect. This is conceivable—but he was 71; he had been in bad health during the last years of his life; and during his fatal illness he called his attorney to his bedside and carefully went over the final disposition of his affairs. Under these circumstances, it is extraordinary that he should have neglected an action so important, if he had really wanted to take it.

While these two cases are unusual in the meanness and narrowness of vision displayed by the principals, they are, of course, of a familiar pattern. Newspapers are, to a remarkable degree, touched with the public interest; yet they are still looked upon as wholly the private business enterprises of their owners, which the latter may dispose of as they please. When Mr. Munsey bought the New York Globe and the Evening Mail, when the Reids bought the New York Herald, there was some criticism of the purchasers for absorbing and abolishing these long-continued institutions, throwing hundreds of men out of employment; but no one, so far as we can recall, uttered any criticism of the action of the owners in selling these papers, though in the case of two of the three, certainly, there was no reason—of a business nature or any other—for doing so, and numerous reasons for continuing their existence. So far as public opinion is concerned, neither the community nor the men who make the newspaper whatever it is, are regarded as having any sort of claim which must be respected, as to the continuance of that paper. This situation of course has a direct relationship to that extraordinary lack of confidence in the moral integrity of the press which is so conspicuous everywhere in America today.

Another and even deeper social question is raised by the wills of these two gentlemen, and Mr. Munsey's in particular. In both cases it is evident, as it has been with many other wealthy men in recent years, that they had not the faintest notion what disposition to make of their fortunes. Mr. Munsey has left the bulk of his estate to the Metropolitan Museum of Art; a legacy which, in view of all the circumstances, is little short of a public scandal. To be sure, the Museum is an admirable institution; it performs a magnificent and invaluable work, and does it excellently. When we remember, however, that the Museum is already heavily endowed; that its chief function in the world of art is not to aid creation but to accumulate existing treasures in one spot; when we recall that Mr. Munsey during his lifetime never displayed the faintest interest in the Museum or in art generally; and finally, when we remember the number of excellent causes which are at present urgently in need of assistance: scientific research, international relations, social problems and a score of others—Mr. Munsey's course seems a grotesque confession of failure.

Ideas as to the ultimate disposal of large fortunes have undergone a drastic change in recent decades. The old laissez faire philosophy finds numerous critics of various types. Our readers are familiar with the New Republic's advocacy of drastic inheritance taxes on great fortunes, based in large part on the belief that the social good is more likely to be adequately served by public than by private administration of funds. Even among those who do not go so far, there are some who argue that, on the whole, a business man who accumulates a large fortune can best serve the community if he keeps his money in the industry itself, expending his charitable impulse in giving the consumer better goods for less money and in furnishing his fellow workers with larger rewards and greater security. A striking sign of the times, indicating a state of discouragement as to casual and personal philanthropy, is the growth of the community trust fund, to which bequests are made with the understanding that they will be spent for various philanthropic purposes, as from time to time seems best to the directors. Certainly, bequests like Mr. Munsey's—and to a lesser degree, Mr. Lawson's—suggest the need of revision for the popular doctrine that the accumulation of vast fortunes may be viewed with complacence since the owner is sure in the end to divert a handsome share to wise and useful social purposes.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALLOWELL, SECRETARY AND PUBLISHER, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY EDMUND WILSON
GILBERT SELDES E. C. LINDEMAN LEO WOLMAN
WALDO FRANK

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Governor Jim

THE peril of Governor Miriam A. Ferguson is over, temporarily at least. She is not to be impeached at a special session of the Texas legislature because there isn't to be any special session. She will continue to occupy her high office, and her husband, former Governor "Jim" Ferguson, who was impeached and removed from office, will continue as before to be the real power behind the throne.

He's an interesting fellow, this Jim Ferguson. If he had happened to be born in another environment, he might have had a career which would have given him national fame instead of the national notoriety which is gradually coming to be his portion as people realize that the lady governor of Texas is no more than a rubber-stamp executive for her husband. Typical of the old West at its best and its worst is the career of Jim. Thirty years ago he was a laborer in a railroad bridge gang. As he sat one day spitting Piper Heidsick down between the timbers he decided he would go home, become a lawyer, marry and settle down. He has done all of all these except the last.

He became a lawyer but soon changed to banking because of the greater range it offered for the exercise of his peculiar talents. In time he had laid aside $40,000 for a trip around the world. Then there crept up in him a desire to surprise the folks —a desire he has felt often. He decided he would use that $40,000 to become Governor.

Few outside of Bell County knew him, and in Bell County many knew him all too well. Nowhere was the announcement of his candidacy taken seriously. But Jim made himself felt. An innately gifted self-advertiser, he knew how to play his cards. He had a ready-made "statesmanly" appearance, a calm, shrewd face and sharp eyes. He could adapt himself to all needs. If you were cultured, Jim was gracious, even courtly and he addressed you in correct English. If you were just folks, so was he; and he used language as incorrect as was necessary to make you feel at home.

Ferguson knew the nature of "the boys at the forks of the creek" as did few others. He had learned to know them while he held their notes and mortgages—taking out the interest in advance. He claimed to be "a real dirt farmer," and it is true that he did own a farm and looked after it. In time he became generally known as "Farmer Jim," than which no "trade name" could have served him better. He had two main talking points: he was against prohibition and he was for a law which would prevent a landlord's exacting as rent more than a fourth of the tenant's corn crop or a third of his cotton. He arrayed the poor ruralites against the rich town landowners. Nor did he neglect to attack the professional classes, as, for example, the doctor who "patted your vermiform appendix, then your pocketbook, and wound up by getting both."

To the surprise of a great many people who did not understand the effectiveness of his methods, he was elected Governor. Mrs. Ferguson took charge of the Governor's mansion and put her chickens in the stable yard, where the wives of other Executives had kept their coach horses. She emerged little socially. She was content to boss the Negro help and wait home for Jim.

According to his own lights, Jim made a good Governor. The penitentiary was ill managed. He went there, put on a prison suit and dined as a new inmate. Then he issued some orders. Before he finished he had converted large losses into large profits.

But a fox cannot change its nature. Jim *would* "cut corners." Probably no one ever would have known it had he not assumed too great a proprietorship in the job for which he had paid that $40,000. He thought of himself as head of the State as if of a family and built up a philosophy of "constituted authority." Constituted authority and Jim Ferguson were synonymous. His quarrel with the state university has often been told and need not be repeated here. He demanded the resignations of a group of the faculty; and when these were refused, retaliated by vetoing the university appropriation. But he had overreached himself. The University alumni arose in their wrath to rescue the institution. Politicians rallied, adroitly joining their interests with the idealistic cause. An industrious hunt for grounds for impeachment brought to light, one after the other, Jim's misdeeds. But for his rashness they would have remained secret.

Unluckily for Jim a fearful drouth that summer devastated crops in many counties. He was compelled to convene the Legislature to vote relief. Assembled, the Legislators began to investigate the charges against the Governor.

Among other things they learned that he had used $5,600 of State money for his own purposes and—which was true—that he had received $156,000 from "a mysterious source." Defiant, he appeared personally to answer the charges. It would be well enough, he said, to hold a penniless bank clerk criminally responsible for using a bank's money. But it was different with himself who was able to make immediate restitution (thanks to the $156,000 godsend). As for where he got this $156,000, he would eat dirt before revealing something he was pledged to keep secret and which was no one's business. The State, he said, should be proud of a Governor able to borrow $156,000 on his name alone. He has recently admitted, a fact then gen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erally taken for granted, that an agent of the brewing interests brought him the money in a handbag.

Ferguson was impeached, convicted and deprived of citizenship, though, ironically, the University issue was one of the counts on which conviction was not voted.

Stunned by the blow, he retired to Temple. But it was not long until he was beginning his long fight for "vindication." He formed the American party and ran for President. People scoffed at him, but he polled 200,000 votes. He ran for United States Senator against a Ku Kluxer and polled about 200,000 votes. These were the ballots of 200,000 tenant farmers and others who would have voted Jim from Hell into the President's chair. A goodly number of these helped keep the wolf from Ferguson's door by subscribing for Ferguson's Forum, a weekly.

Constantly in his Forum he kept calling for vindication, telling of his fortune ruined, his family disgraced. But he retained his truculent, vitriolic spirit and turned out his old-time humorous, trenchant phrases in the country vernacular.

Years of ignominious obscurity passed. Then came Jim's chance nearly two years ago when Texas people, wearied of the Ku Klux Klan, its outrages and effrontery, decided to kill it. Jim, in the full panoply of savior, appeared on the field with his familiar following, as a rabid enemy of Ku Kluxery, seeking a place on the Democratic primary ticket as a candidate for Governor. He was informed his lack of citizenship made his petition unfulfillable. He put his wife's name on the ticket instead.

Again the Ferguson candidacy was not taken seriously. But the experts failed to take into account Jim's old faithfuls. These gave Mrs. Ferguson next to the highest vote among half a score of candidates and put her into the run-off primary which was required to obtain a legal majority. She was chosen in preference to her Klan adversary.

Texas intended that Jim should be the real Governor. And many believed that, chastened by long ordeal and grateful for the new trust placed in him, he would employ all his administrative talent, or genius, in a brilliant comeback. The very relationship of the man and his Governor-wife seemed spiritual insurance that expectations would be fulfilled. Here was romance—an errant man redeemed through his wife.

Jim established himself as of old in the Governor's office—with his wife present to give strict legality to the proceedings. At once it became known he had become counsel for interests owning a railroad which had extensive holdings near the Penitentiary. Yet he won a grant of amnesty and restoration of citizenship from the Senate by an overwhelming vote. His wife, the sweetheart of his youth, signed the decree!

Things rocked along. Prison pardons became noticeably numerous. It was said Jim was getting paid for some of them. But already he was bringing the penitentiary back to the profit column. Jim seemed to be doing well. Then suddenly the news burst of the Highway Commission scandal which culminated in a judgment for the State in the sum of $600,000 for excess profits received by a road building corporation which had been given a contract without competition. It had been shown that Ferguson received advertising, to be run for a year in the Ferguson Forum, from many road contractors. Also it had been revealed that his daughter had provided surety bonds for some of the highway work. Revelations of other allegedly improper proceedings, in the purchase of State textbooks, followed.

More than half a hundred legislators petitioned for a special session of the Legislature. They cited the need of legislation for tick eradication and defense against foot-and-mouth disease. The Governor answered that it was herself they sought to eradicate. She refused to repeat her husband's old mistake and "throw herself to the wolves." The Attorney General, Dan Moody, who helped get the Governor "in the jackpot," held it would be both illegal and against public policy to finance the session privately, in view of the members' inability to convene the body themselves. Many of them had no money to pay their own expenses.

There were numerous reasons for the ebbing of the tide. The highway commissioners who were under fire resigned and acceptable citizens were appointed to replace them. The Attorney General preferred to carry on his investigation before a Grand Jury, for fear politics would sidetrack it in a special legislative session. Then, many of the petitioners for the session were Klansmen. Anti-Klan folk did not wish to see these assume a righteous pose against Ferguson. Others shrank from the "martyrdom" of Mrs. Ferguson, whose greatest crime was that she let her husband, toward whom she felt as a Texas wife should, run her office. If she were incompetent—well, it had not been expected that she would be anything else. The voters had intended that Jim would run the office. And they could not impeach him; he was not Governor. Finally, conservative thinkers saw the great danger in too many impeachments. These admittedly can be accomplished when they are unjustified, since the Senate, as a High Court of Impeachment, speaks the last word.

Behind these reasons lay yet another significant one: namely, Jim, himself. He had not been idle in anticipation of this eventuality. He had kept up his patronage fences carefully, particularly in the all-important State Senate. He had swallowed his animosity toward the State University, and, in the main, had given it all it asked. Having so prepared the stage, he set out to gratify disaffected elements by acts of clemency. He also sought to increase his own popularity by playing the hero. He, or his wife, offered $500 of State money for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the conviction of any person, worth more than $5,000, who violated the prohibition law. A blow at his chief enemies and one most popular with the boys in the creek bottoms.

In his wife's name, he issued a scathing denunciation of Amos G. Carter, millionaire editor of the newspaper which had dug up the facts in the highway scandal. The allegation against Carter was "offensive conduct" toward Mrs. Ferguson at a football game!

He had already freed hundreds of prisoners; now he, through his wife, announced paroles or pardons for nearly a hundred more on Thanksgiving Day.

When the excitement had at last reached its climax he sent his wife to the country for a rest. People began to understand that the poor woman having been brought to the verge of a nervous breakdown, it was time for Southern chivalry to call a halt. Also what would become of the Governor's job were it not for Jim's strong hand?

The very fact that the battle has, temporarily, ended in this manner, has enhanced Jim's peculiar reputation. There are not lacking those who now say: "This man is a character. We shouldn't put him in the penitentiary even if we could—and we can't. Let him run loose on the streets where he can be seen. He'll help the tourist trade."

And as for "Ma," his faithful companion through the years, whom he elevated to higher political office than any woman had ever held in a democracy, she could have had her bust in every schoolhouse in Texas. But she won't.

DAN WILLIAMS.

Whither Canada?

IS Canada's ship of state drifting toward the breakers? In other words, is Confederation doomed? And is the Dominion destined to fall apart into the fragments from which it was formed, nearly sixty years ago?

These are not far fetched academic queries. "Uttered or unexpressed," they form at this moment disquieting question-marks in the minds of thousands of thoughtful Canadians. Ten years ago, the background of doubt against which they then framed themselves, vague and indistinct, was not something about which one spoke to one's neighbors; today, the disturbing interrogations themselves take form and shape in the full light of public discussion. They appear and reappear in the editorial columns of the daily press; they are made the subject of frank remarks by public speakers; and when the stage is set for uncensored political argument, as so recently it has been, they leave their wonted place in the wings and parade boldly at front center.

To ask the blunt question: Is Confederation a failure?, is no longer a reflection upon one's honest Canadianism. Statesmen, publicists and patriots are asking it, and loyal Canadians in nine provinces are in doubt whether the query so oft repeated does not arise from some undeniable condition or cause. Where there is so much smoke fire may be lurking.

Even those in Canada who had refused in recent years to heed the gloomy utterances of sectional bigots have had their equanimity shaken by the events of the federal election campaign of last October. Sectionalism showed itself naked and unashamed. In the maritime provinces, there arose vigorous demand for a Maritime Rights party—a new political instrument which would oppose ruthlessly both Liberals and Conservatives and fight, on purely nonpartisan lines, for Maritime rights, whatever they may be. In Quebec and Ontario, the doctrine of high tariff protection for Canadian industry found widespread acceptance, even if, in the lower province, the deep-seatedness of the Laurier tradition did prevent a political turn-over. The three prairie provinces crystallized their entire political sentiment around the low-tariff idea, the extreme antithesis of the protectionist beliefs of the East, for which, in its turn, the province of British Columbia evinced a hearty devotion. Canada split—unconsciously, perhaps, but definitely and clearly—into four sectional areas, each with its own peculiar problems and each unable, in any considerable degree, to comprehend the point of view of the others.

Canadians generally have become accustomed to the repeated warnings of prairie politicians that further disregard of the economic plight of their provinces must lead soon to a serious family quarrel. In the Parliamentary sessions of 1923-25, many formidable champions of "Western Rights" were astonishingly outspoken in stating their case. Were one to set down here in cold print direct quotations from addresses delivered in the House of Commons by such western representatives as Garland of Bow River, Coote of Macleod, Spencer of Battle River and Lewis of Swift Current, one would give United States readers something to amaze them: scathing and scornful denunciation of "Eastern Interests"; heated demands that justice be done to West as well as East; actual threats that western Canada would surely take matters into her own hands were she to be denied such redress as she felt her due.

Back of all these fiery speeches, back of all these open threats—within the very walls of Parliament itself—of secession and the severance of constitutional bonds, there have lain at all times purely economic issues and, chief among these, that of the tariff. Western Canada, from Winnipeg to the foothills, is unalterably opposed to high tariffs. The three prairie provinces are fused into one powerful unit against that very policy of high protection to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which Ontario and Quebec—just as resolutely, just as inevitably—seem to be turning with astonishing unanimity. The prairie West is determined to fight sectionalism with sectionalism, and its apparent defection in October last from the Progressive movement—which had its birth in alleged economic injustices—was a mere groping about for some more direct path to the desired goal, a momentary turning aside to one of the old parties because that particular one seems at present most likely to deliver the goods. At the moment, the Progressive label may be less generally in use, but the discontent which led to the rise of Progressivism is keener and wider than ever. The Prairie West, until given its way, will be an implacable sectional unit, one of several threats against Confederation.

So, too, will be the Maritimes. Indeed, secession is now no longer a mere threat in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island. It is almost a household word, common to Liberals and Conservatives. It is used, not with malice or in anger, but as a commonplace of fairly general currency. The Maritimes went unwillingly into Confederation; they feared the loss of their identity in the great scheme of the Fathers . . . and their fears have been more than justified. Not only has their identity disappeared; their one-time great prosperity has departed. Their chief natural products—their fruit, their fish, their potatoes, their lumber—are shut out of the United States market; these cannot be shipped to Ontario and Quebec, because of high freight rates; indigenous industry is paralyzed and moribund. And the cause? Tariffs: so say the Maritimes. As in the West, the basic complaint, the root of all trouble, is an economic one—but Confederation gets the blame. Hence, Secession.

Although political parties suffer, and will continue to suffer, in those election upheavals which are the symptoms of widespread unrest, they are not the chief factors in the situation. They are, rather, the victims of untoward circumstances. Neither Mr. King nor Mr. Meighen is prepared to give to western Canada that measure of freedom from tariff incidence which it is demanding as its inalienable right; neither is willing to throw the high-protectionists of Ontario and Quebec to the low-tariff wolves, in spite of the fact that only Mr. Meighen regards the latter as wolves; neither is able to grant to the Maritimes their much-sought rights, since neither has the least idea what Maritime rights are. Each is bound—so long as the exigencies of party government put chief value upon numerical following—to be guided by compromise and concession; to weigh East against West, West against East, and strive, within the rigid limits of practical political tactics, to mete out the greatest good to the greatest number.

Whether or not, in the long run, economic considerations and jarring sectional disputes result in the unscrambling of the Confederation omelet, is something for the future to determine. Should that be the final outcome, there is no doubt whatever that the act and manner of dissolution would be in that splendid spirit of amity and concord in which Confederation itself was conceived. It is especially significant, perhaps, that at this moment, when candid discussion of such an eventuality is common, there is not a single reference to the bogey of 1911—Annexation. That issue was smothered, in that year, under an avalanche of popular rejection; this year, it is not here to be smothered. It is a dead number. In its tomb of oblivion it is beyond recall, even at the voice of the flag-waving politician. The destiny of Canada will be decided this time without any references to the parting of the ways. HECTOR MCKINNON.

El Gallo

They waited, sleeping, on the plaza benches
Until we woke them to the moon at midnight;
And then between the whitened walls they followed,
Playing and singing. A violinist joined them.
We had never seen him before; he had been in the fields.
From one of the houses came a clarinet
And down from the moon a dozen blanketed figures . . .
And we danced folk-dances in the market-place.

With half the night before us and no more bottles,
We knocked at several doors, naming them brother,
And then at a shuttered window and called it darling,
And we saw it coming open with a candle;
Shakes of the head, entreaty, no relenting,
Someone asleep there in the room behind her;
Eyes in the moonlight, lips of silent laughter,
And at last through the window a bottle of pomegranate wine.

Later she came herself and opened a booth
Under the stars; and on a charcoal fire
Heating the water for our cinnamon-tea,
She poured into every bowl a little glass
Of alcohol and gave new draughts of life
To the driver of the bus, a shoemaker,
Seven musicians, three soldiers with their guns,
A boot-black and a boatman and ourselves.

After our cinnamon-tea with its alcohol,
We carried the blacksmith harpist to his bed,
And, making sure that he was sound asleep,
We spent an hour on the cobblestones
With serenades to the blacksmith's beautiful daughter . . .
And then we sang, with twenty-seven songs,
Good-night to the moon, good-morning to the sun,
And felt our fellowship to the point of tears.

From my western balcony-window, I watched the light
Deepen under solid leaves along the hill
And under ledges I had never seen
On the mountain-range and sharpen the sides of boats . . .
And so it had been under my ribs with music
And with wine, a lovely deepening of the light
A body carries on its own small hill:
I laughed aloud, joining bright earth with earth.

WITTER BYNNER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Call to Deliver

THE conductor told Alice that this was the train for Primrose and Alice got on. Although she feigned amusement at her own sense of importance, she really felt more important than amused. After all she was one of the only two Freshmen picked to go to the Primrose Conference, and if she was paying her own expenses she was also representing the College. And whatever the Primrose Conference might turn out to be, it would be an adventure, anyway, an experience. Alice, who had faith in everything, was a hound for experience.

She settled in a seat and took out the papers they had sent her. She must find out what it was all about.

"Eastern Conference of the College Mission Union at Primrose College, Primrose, New York," she read. "The Challenge of Christianity to the Educated Young Manhood and Womanhood of Today." Delegates were directed to register on arrival at Daniel Webster Hall. The program announced that the Conference would begin with a Jolly Get-together in the Gymnasium on Friday evening at eight p. m. sharp. "Pin your name and Alma Mater on your coat. No introductions necessary among friends. Selections by the Primrose Glee Club." At the First Session, scheduled for nine o'clock the next morning, the Rev. Hannibal White of Africa would discuss Civilization's Struggle Against the Moslem, Mr. John Light conducting the prayer. After luncheon the Conference would divide into small discussion groups to consider various aspects of the problem: The Moral Fate of Europe, The Social Meaning of the Mission, Economics and Religion, and The Answer of Educated Youth in America. Alice read the list of speakers through and thought they sounded interesting. She had never really thought about any of these things before, and she felt that new fields of important experience were about to open out for her. She also noted from another typewritten slip that the ladies of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Primrose invited the visiting delegates to a "home luncheon" in the Sunday school rooms in the basement of the church.

Just as she was glancing over a list of suggested reading the other Freshman who had been picked sat down beside her. She was a pale-looking girl with an odd determination in her chin, and she answered, as far as Alice could remember, to the name of Carrie Wells.

"This is going to be a wonderful experience, isn't it?" said Carrie.

"It certainly is," said Alice. They talked, for the two hours of the trip, about religion and life. Carrie seemed to know more about it than Alice did; which secretly piqued Alice, and she resolved to think it through until everything was as clear and simple in her mind as it was in Carrie's. Finally a Senior, one of the upper-class delegates, came and smiled at them and told them it was time to get off. They got off into the blowy autumn twilight where smiling Primrose students waited to carry their bags to Daniel Webster Hall. The registrar also smiled and assigned them to the home of Mrs. Professor Urquhardt, who smilingly showed them their room. The room, which smelled of gas, had a green carpet; relics of Urquhardt school days adorned its wall.

After an evening of smiling and being smiled at by the other delegates in the gymnasium, Alice and Carrie undressed thoughtfully on the green carpet.

"Everybody was horribly friendly, weren't they?" remarked Alice, who had had to suppress snobisms all through the Jolly Get-together and was ashamed of them.

"It is really quite inspiring to be among a group of people who have one interest in common," said Carrie. "That must be," she added, "why people who have had the religious experience are so close."

"I suppose," said Alice. It annoyed her for Carrie to go on about the religious experience. She hadn't had it. Not that she wanted to be close to Carrie. . . . She went to bed thinking resentfully on the religious experience.

At the first session Alice, who was resolved to miss nothing, paid all attention to Mr. John Light's prayer. Mr. Light was a secretary of foreign missions or something, Carrie had told her, adding that he was just wonderful. He was a sandy, rather worn, attractive-looking man, with only one eye, which was blue and bright enough for both. He had a warm voice suggesting suffering and humor. Alice liked it. She liked the way he prayed. It was informal and unchurchly. She felt that he was talking directly to her. She felt that he was introducing her to God, and God seemed more attractive than she had thought. The Christian life took on colors of heroism and romance that filled her with enthusiasm. In fact, when Mr. John Light finished praying, Alice knew that a change had overtaken her. A warm glow filled her heart. This was experience. And for Mr. Light, the author of this happy exaltation, she immediately felt a sense of gratitude and deep reverence. She heard the Rev. Hannibal White's alarms about the spread of Islam with a cheerful confidence that something would be done about it: she and others who felt the same way would do something about it. In this shining mood she went full of brotherly love to have a home luncheon in the basement of the First Methodist Episcopal Church.

The discussion group which Alice attended in the afternoon was led by a young woman with black hair named Miss Lester from a mission in China. "What will be the Answer of Educated Youth in America?" Miss Lester, with an air of knowing the answer, posed this question to a dead silence.

"Perhaps I might set the ball rolling by talking a little myself," she said at last with a brilliant smile. "I really would like to tell you folks something about the place I've just come from out in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

China." And Miss Lester told. She gave a simple and dramatic history of her little mission, the hardships overcome, the despairs and rewards, the faith in divine aid that never, never failed. She told striking little stories of the tragedy and humor that fall in the path of a mission worker. She described with horrible simplicity conditions among the poorer people of her district. She related what she had seen with her own eyes. Her narrative style was in fact unexceptionable, and to it she added a brilliance of smile and an ardor of black eyes that would have melted stone. Alice was captured. She admired Miss Lester to a superlative degree. Miss Lester had personality, courage, faith. Alice wanted to be exactly like her.

After the meeting Alice and Carrie fell into conversation with a junior from Princeton. He was well dressed. He told them he was going to be a missionary.

"Really?" they exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes, really," he smiled solemnly. "I've signed the pledge, you know."

Alice felt a pang of jealousy in her turbulent heart. She wanted to be a missionary, too. She would go to China, Africa, anywhere, and know the rewards of service and renunciation. She would have personality like Miss Lester's. Mr. Light would applaud her. Her family and friends would laugh or try to prevent her. Heroism.

That night Mr. Light announced at the close of the meeting that he would be very glad to have a little private talk next morning with anyone who wanted to thrash out his or her personal problems with him. He had had a good bit of experience, he said, with young folks and their problems, and he had quite often (Mr. Light sounded the t in often) been able to help them over some of their little difficulties. So if anyone cared to come. . . .

The next morning Alice went, with a feeling that this was not a characteristic thing for her to do. But it strengthened her belief in the change which had overtaken her soul and she thought that it only remained for Mr. Light to remove the feeling. She found herself trying to make her confusion clear to Mr. Light, who was smiling at her with his blue eye and talking to her cheerfully in his warm genial voice. Alice, hanging on his every word, could not help feeling sorry about his eye. She wondered if he had lost it among the savages before he converted them. She thought him the very nicest, most genuine person she had ever seen. A wave of ardor suddenly went through her. She would tell Mr. Light that she wanted to be a missionary: he should know what she was made of. She would sign the pledge. It was so simple, so glorious to give oneself for Christ, and Mr. Light would be so pleased. . . .

At that moment the next patient rapped upon the door, and Mr. Light looked apologetically at his watch. Alice's mouth was open to say the words. She shut it, and stumbled into the hall. It was so simple to give oneself for Christ, yet she hadn't done it. She had failed. She had not been heroic. Poor Alice writhed in the anguish which the very young feel at their first disappointment in themselves.

Suddenly Carrie was upon her, shedding light. Carrie had something wonderful to tell her. Carrie had found herself, and God. She had had a call. It came during a long conference with Mr. Light and Miss Lester (who were just wonderful) and she had signed the pledge.

"I am going to a training school for three years when I have finished college and then to Africa—Central Africa," said Carrie, in the tone of one who has been invited to a ball.

Alice muttered words and walked bitterly through the nearest door.

". . . These children get no schooling at all from their own government," Miss Lester was saying to a small group of delegates, "and if you could see their bright eyes and eager, intelligent little faces . . . they cried when we told them they couldn't come back because their friends in America hadn't sent any more money for a teacher. . . ."

After the meeting Miss Lester was accosted by a very intense young girl who wanted to know how much a teacher cost in China.

"Why, about a hundred dollars a year for our little group," said Miss Lester.

"May I pledge that for the support of your school?" asked the girl.

"Indeed you may!" Miss Lester's smile lighted her face with joy; "but hadn't you better think about it first? A hundred dollars a year is a lot of money."

"No," said Alice, "I'm sure now."

The next year the Sophomore Alice who sent her check for the Alice Hunt Mission School of Wuhu, China, was slightly sheepish. The Junior wrote hastily, sealed the letter and mailed it at once, thankful to forget the matter for another year. There was no reason, she told herself, why she should be ashamed of having endowed a school in China, yet of no act in her life was she so much ashamed. She shrank from the very thought of it as she might have shrunk from putting on a wet bathing suit.

The Senior, who had rearranged the balance of the universe so that its center of gravity was nearer New York than China, sent the check with an expression inappropriate to the fairy of a mission school.

Yet afterwards, when her husband ranted about it, Alice always replied:

"My dear, I hold nothing against anyone. Mr. Light and Miss Lester were two of the most attractive and magnetic people I ever met. They were," she murmured reminiscently, "just wonderful. And I consider that I got out of it cheaply." But then she would wonder what Carrie was thinking about it now.

E. VINCENT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Things and Places

THE psychoanalysts (amateur) with their easy taunt of "escape mechanism" have robbed us of a considerable number of pleasures. To collect stamps or paintings, to prefer travel by aeroplane, to like bright colors, are all ascribable to something sinister. At the same time, with so much good to be done in the world, it is a moral fault to care for objects for themselves; it is considered oblique to take pleasure in things rather than in people. The mathematician, adoring the perfection of numbers, becomes only a selfish weakling who cannot adjust himself to the imperfections and reactions of his fellow-men.

Perhaps that is one reason why travel is so exhilarating. People in foreign countries become objects, quaint, picturesque, exciting—in no way touching us personally, in no way making deep demands upon us. The traveler indulges in appreciation, as the æsthete does who handles a Chinese vase, or the craftsman when he touches the edge of his chisel to the shapeless wood block. This is a failure to observe the injunction to consider each human being as an end in himself; there is even a touch of cruelty in it. But one remembers the pictures one has seen, sometimes with more intensity than the scenes through which one has, in the odd phrase, "lived."

Jai-Alai.

As you travel through the south of France the railway posters inform you that the Basques are playing la pelote; in Spain, where this version of handball seems to have originated, it is called Pelota. It seems to be a game exceptionally suited to the Latin temperament, and that is strange because, in spite of its superficial resemblances to tennis, it reminds the northern spectator far more of hockey and of polo. The pace, the beauty of the figures, the long lines of movement, the swift loss and gain in scoring combine to make a sport which merely to watch is an excitement. In Havana, where I saw it, the crowd adds the final touch.

Jai-Alai is handball with roughly the tennis rules, played in doubles with a huge wicker horn strapped to the wrist in place of the tennis-racquet. The court is over two hundred feet long and the ball, resilient as our tennis balls, is as heavy as a baseball. A good player, catching it in mid-court can return it to the serving wall so that it bounds all the way back to the base-wall in a beautiful trajectory, before it falls to the cement floor and is in play again. The agility of the players is surpassing; and the rules of the game impose on them incredible feats of dexterity. It is, for example, a fault to change position after catching the ball in the wicker basket; the player must return the ball without moving his body and without changing the direction of the swing of his arm. As he is often caught facing the rear wall and must return the ball to the front wall, his skill and bodily control must be perfect; nor is there room for contortion, since his return must place the ball to the disadvantage of his opponents. Good players run to their next position the moment they have played; and the two white shirts and the two blue make exciting lines as they cross and recross on the floor.

The betting odds change as each point is scored. Gambling at jai-alai seems to be organized, or at least controlled, by the municipality and the technique is easily mastered. After each point men in red caps cry out the new odds; you pass down your money and receive a white or blue slip (according to the side you have chosen to bet on) with the odds marked. At the end of the game you cash your winning slips. But while the game goes on the frenzy of the crowd is without restraint; cries greet each return of the ball, hisses each misplay. Once when a forward slipped after a difficult return and his opponent cut the ball so that he had no chance of playing, the crowd booed the victor. It was sportsmanlike in the Anglo-American sense, and surprising. Generally the Cuban interest in sports is purer—unmixed with ethical considerations. He cares for the spectacle, and if he has gambled, for the money.

Jean Fouquet.

Petit Larousse gives him two and a half lines: "eminent miniaturist, one of the creators of French art, born at Tours (1415-1480)." On the walls of a dim high room at Chantilly his little squares glow with gold and green enamel, portraits perhaps or illuminations for a great book. Elsewhere in the palace the corridors and chambers are hung with paintings, signed with great or obscure names; his name recalls only the financial genius who was born and died exactly two hundred years later. The sound books on French art give him a dull credit; he pays the penalty of having been exquisite, his pictures have nothing to do with modern art, modern problems, contemporary people. They have living color and daintiness of composition; pretty objects one would like to hold in the hand.

Squibbs.

Go down to the eastern waterfront of New York at night; not a gingerly approach to the Battery, but around the Old Slip and Coenthies Slip and the fish-market to the bastions of the Brooklyn Bridge. Intermittently from the Brooklyn side a white light strikes across the river; at a certain spot you come full upon its source, the electric advertisement of Squibbs, manufacturers of pharmaceutical goods. A Rhenish castle over which flow waves of green, purple, and deep red light, and as they die away the sharp bright lights of the name spring up and race over the water. It is a vocabulary of contrasts; the castle over the industrial river, the castle itself disguised in lights, the soft rolling effect of the Maxfield Parrish colors and the stab of the white bulbs, mechanically timed so that you know when to expect them and are surprised when they occur, your eyes frightened. The lights of Broadway seem mere exaggeration, size and jab, in comparison.

Avignon-Arles-Nimes.

The journey southward from Paris is a passage backward through time; from Avignon through Arles to Nimes is a passage from reality to unreality. Avignon is history, its streets pass under papal buttresses. The Roman relics, the arena and the burial ground link easily to the Rome of the fourteenth century; it is not hard to believe that less than a century and a half have passed since it became French. Arles is a few hours away, but the roads look whiter and dustier, the sunlight rests more remorselessly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

upon you. Arena and forum again, but the actuality of history has faded. It is hard to associate the dead little city with Gauguin and Van Gogh until with surprise you recognize the arlesiennes of the portraits. Everything is languor, even the rattle of French softens down. The guide tells you that the arena is in such good shape that they have bullfights there—not Spanish, of course, but tame imitations.

You proceed farther from this shadow of life to Nimes, which is a museum piece, not a town. Its antiquities are gathered and on exposition, in an exquisite small Roman temple. Everything else is white roads and the first touch of tropical vegetation. You climb slowly in the heat towards the watch-tower and look back over a dream of placidity and inaction. It is Nirvana. You recall vaguely that Nimes is the source of the best bottled water in the world.

As you proceed from Vaucluse to Camargue, the very names falling asleep as you say them, the Mediterranean reasserts itself and activity begins again.

GILBERT SELDES.

Washington Notes

IT may be that the Hon. Frank O. Lowden is entirely innocent and had no sinister or ulterior thought when he recently put out that statement concerning the needs of the farmer, but the hard-boiled little bunch of Massachusetts boys who see so much more of Mr. Coolidge than anyone else do not think so. One of the really significant developments in the last two weeks here in Washington is the fluency and fervor with which those closest to the good Calvin curse and damn ex-Governor Lowden up hill and down dale and the completeness with which they place on that gentleman blame for the menacing and hostile attitude of the western farmers toward the Administration's agricultural program. Because, while they may become mollified and the whole outlook again be serene by the time this is printed, right now when it is written their angry bellowing can be heard high above the groaning and grinding of the old propaganda machine. The administration unofficial advisers have, to put it delicately, a bad belly-ache over the situation.

It is divulging no secret to say that they are sore. On the surface they maintain as well as they can an air of placidity, but underneath they are full of trepidation, timidity and resentment. I talked today with perhaps the broadest-minded and most intelligent of the unofficial Coolidge circle and found him boiling with a feeling against Lowden that was as revealing as it was surprising. From his point of view, and it can be taken as the point of view of those closest to Mr. Coolidge, Lowden is the most active and open candidate for the Presidential 1928 nomination. There is less concealment and more strength about his candidacy than about any of the others. From the moment he rejected the Vice-Presidential nomination at Cleveland in 1924 he has been at work. His reliance is on the sentiment for him among the farmers which he has assiduously, continuously and tenderly cultivated and nursed. Those are the terms which describe the way they feel about him. There is not the least doubt that the Coolidge crowd think they see the Lowden hand in every step of the revolt against the original administration farm aid program. They regard the Lowden statement as a deliberate attempt to make it appear that Mr. Coolidge is inadequately equipped for dealing with the agricultural problem and has no grasp on the situation. The speed with which the Des Moines meetings to protest against the Coolidge-Jardine program followed is merely confirmatory evidence, in their minds, of the slickness of the diabolical Lowden. They even go so far as to suspect him of trying to organize the Pullman porters of the country into a colored Lowden machine and profess to see evidence of the activity of his agents in various parts of the South.

Of course most of this is mere moonshine—ghosts seen by these close friends of Mr. Coolidge because, in addition to being naturally timid, they are not in the least sure of their ground and are in constant fear it is about to be pulled from under them. Further, they have the multitudinous suspicions common to all small-minded people. Personally I do not for a moment believe Mr. Lowden is either himself, or by proxy engaged in any of the political schemes attributed to him. Nor do I think in his statement he primarily intended to injure Mr. Coolidge. That he wants to be President no one but a fool would deny. Furthermore, it is plain that he wants the 1928 nomination because his age will not permit him to wait until 1932. Also, if in espousing the cause of the farmers who beyond dispute look to him for leadership more than to anyone else, he made trouble for Mr. Coolidge, I do not think he would be grieved. I certainly do not believe, however, that that was his main idea. For one thing Governor Lowden is far too intelligent a man to engage in the sort of stuff the White House fireside circle suspects. It would be foolish and it would be found out, which would be fatal.

The real trouble with these fellows is they are apprehensive—and not without some foundation—that Cal has been slightly over-sold in certain parts of the country. They know a reaction is coming soon or late and they thought Lowden had started it. That is why they are so violent in their expressions of antipathy toward him.

There is a rumor running around Washington that when Garrad B. Winston, the singularly efficient and important Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, gets out of his present job he will slide into the J. P. Morgan firm in New York with no more delay than the necessary vacation to give him a chance to freshen up. This report may or may not be true, but it was brought to Washington a week ago by a New York financier of high standing who usually knows what he is talking about. In any event it is interesting. Mr. Winston has played a far greater part in the administration of the Treasury Department and the determination of the fiscal policies of the Government in the last five years than the general public has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any conception. Overshadowed by his chief and the unprecedented publicity that constantly surrounds so gigantic a financial figure as Mr. Mellon's when it fills a public office, Winston has done an enormous lot of work for which he has not got credit except among the discriminating few. Not that Mr. Mellon has been in any degree ungenerous or greedy or selfish, but that the situation naturally works out that way. He is a singularly capable person—this Winston—and he knows it fully as well as anybody else.

How remarkable it would be if the various rumors recently circulated about the Treasury should come true this New Year—rumor No. 1, that Mr. Mellon, with his tax bill passed and the foreign debt agreements ratified, will retire; rumor No. 2, that he will be succeeded by Dwight Morrow of the Morgan firm; rumor No. 3, that Mr. Winston retiring will take Mr. Morow's place in the Morgan firm. Could anything be more delightful than that?

Some time or other the liberal political currents which in this country seem almost to have disappeared as a result of the great conservative landslide of 1924 and the long continued and unprecedented prosperity, will be again quickened and the totally mercenary and materialistic nature of our Government altered. Some time or other this idea that whatever the great moneyed interests want to do is right will be thrown into the discard and another and wholly different notion succeed. Those things are bound to occur. Nothing lasts in politics or in life and the pendulum is sure to swing as far back one way as it has out the other.

For me, it is swinging right now, and that is why I wish something could be done to stop these regular prosperity talks of Judge Elbert Gary with which we are so frequently afflicted. Judge Gary probably is a very nice man personally. He may have many admirable traits of mind and character, but his newspaper interviews do not sound like it; and I believe they do the cause of the vested interests he wants to promote more harm than any other words of tongue or pen uttered in our country today. To me they simply reek with pomposity, self-satisfaction, smugness.

He had one last week. Always they are the same. Always they predict an even greater era of prosperity. Always they rebuke those who criticize the conduct of the Government and always they speak of the splendid achievements of Mr. Coolidge and the wickedness of those who do not "uphold his hands." They never vary. That the newspapers continue to print them time after time on their front pages is one of the worst things I know about the newspapers—and I know a lot. It is hard to say whether these Gary talks and interviews most irritate or most bore me. Conservative as I am, and anxious not to disturb "the great business enterprises upon which the prosperity of our country depends," every time I read one of these Gary prosperity effusions I feel like singing the Marseillaise and running up the red flag.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Texas Lights

FOURTH MISSION.

THE little mission church faces east into the plaza that was once the enclosure of San Francisco de la Espada of two hundred years ago. Here and there the old wall runs, and now and then a low stone house, half ruin. Near the church to the south is the priest's house, square, with a wing running into the plaza. In the open niches high up in the façade of the church the three bells hang that the padres cast; and behind them the dying light shines yellow and quivers into blue.

I enter the church and move down the aisle toward the altar, between the lines of the stations of the cross that alternate with the windows along the walls. It is a little church where a handful of people, all Mexicans perhaps, gather for mass at the right hours. But it stands open now and in the twilight it is gentle and still. On the walls near the altar a red cotton cloth with a gold band is hung for this Christmas season; there are paper flowers in the altar vases, and laurel leaves. In the left corner is St. Joseph's statue and in the right the Virgin with a long blue veil. On the right, by the chancel rail, is a little Nativity, the rocks figured in brown paper, the greens cedar; and there are pigs and sheep and birds, Mary, Joseph and the divine child, all in clay painted and touched with gilt. In front of them is a tiny lamp. Most country chapels so small as this would be barren or trivial or mean and ugly; but this place, opening off the empty, half-wild little plaza with its white roads and beaten, bare earth, is grave and noble and clean, despite its poverty and size.

On the plaza now the light has dropped to blue dusk, through which the open ground lies pale and shining. Not far from the church door an old man with a tiny barrow of candies in paper twists has stopped and begun to play an accordion, and two boys, Mexican, of eighteen or more, very slim and dark, are dancing together.

TULIS.

At a table near my own in the patio of the Menger sit a girl and old woman; I can see them both as they talk and can hear all they say. The girl is half Spanish, I should think, from that beautiful round skull and black hair and those fine-cut nostrils, but paler than the mother, who is a full Mexican type. This woman is fat, grave, a good face, the eternal mother on whom life leans as we lean on the earth's bosom. The girl has full, classical lips and moody eyes like a Murillo saint's. Her name is Tulis—I hear her mother call her that—which in Mexico means, or so my companion at least tells me, sugar-cane, the tall cane that one sees in the Market Plaza.

The girl is talking, the old woman listens in silence, her big peaceful eyes looking intently at the young face.

She has been reading a book on Dostoievsky, she says, lent her by a friend. In it the writer points out how the Slavs, like the Celts and Orientals, have always in their books and tales a character who is a wanderer, the man who lives in two worlds. He has insight into the unseen. He is sometimes a messenger going from place to place.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He is the figure of life being carried on, seen, unseen, continuous. To the Slavs men are divided into men of the towns and men of this double world of seen and unseen. That is how they are so different from the Western mind, from Rome with its solidarity.

She speaks seriously, volubly, with the Latin facility in the grip of an idea. The old woman sits listening gently, receiving this burgeoning life in her child as the earth attends the coming of spring and all birth in nature.

It is not all quite easy for her, Tulis goes on. She feels more than she can state. She has spoken to her confessor about it, and he has told her that it is all to be found in St. Augustine's City of God. So she has read The City of God.

"Yes," the mother interrupts, "and was it there?"

Wonderfully, forever! the girl declares.

Ah, yes, it was sure to be, the mother has not read the book, but she knows it is sure to be there.

Meantime the sun is well past noon and the glare of it falls white on the poplar leaves that rattle and lisp overhead. The shadows in the patio are clear in outline as the tree trunk or the leaves, but are intangible, things that can be seen, but not touched. On the platform, beyond the palm leaves, the orchestra strikes up an air, the winding and returning melody is carried by the flute, with the strings underneath. It is a bright music, never merry, and there is something about it that is continuous, as if it had never really left off, but was only heard again now in its due season, like the return of the moon at night or the evening star. The old woman lays her hand gently on the girl's arm and dozes a little.

Market Plaza.

By day the plaza is all wagons, mules, automobiles new and old, painted, rattling or crumbling into the dust, sugar-cane stacked like wigwams or hemp fields, and bales of hay. The fine new market fills one end of it; the arcades in yellow stucco shade the purchasers there; the oleander leaves growing in red jars, the ligustrum and bois d'arc are sharp and green against the white, glaring pavement and walls; the market smells mingle with the smell of horses and fodder. The sounds of the town gather and redouble here, the plaza seems listening to San Antonio and feeding it.

But with night the plaza is another world. Time drops away from it. The wagons are gone from the long, crowded square; the shops around the sides, the market doors, are all closed and dark; the traffic in the streets is gone. The height of the place seems to have grown lower under the sky that is fretted with such golden fires indeed, those near, bright stars of the southern land. The paved ground shows here and there; the trees, the ligustrum, and the long branches of the bois d'arc stand out moving in the soft night wind. In groups and sometimes singly, and on one side a solid line of them, long tables have appeared, covered with white oilcloth, now and then in colors, but nearly always white. The goblets and tumblers and water bottles gleam by the scant street lamps farther off and in the light of the lanterns that stand on the tables. Beside them are the cook ovens and braziers with their charcoal fires and the busy forms of the vendors moving about. They are selling tortillas and tamales, chili con carne, red frijoles, Mexican dishes, with black, hot coffee and soda water in bottles. The guests scattered among the tables make no noise; they give you no sense of gaiety, but sit gravely at the tables, decorous, talking and not talking, smoking, eating, sitting quietly with their hands in their laps.

At the table near me sits a young man in a blue jacket with a black scarf around his waist and a black slouch hat on the back of his head. His face is broad like an Egyptian's, brown, with an aquiline nose and white teeth. He sits somewhat away from the table, with one elbow against it, a guitar in his hands. A woman and a girl come in and take their places at the table and order coffee and sit drinking it while the man begins to sing. Beneath the black shawls their figures are hidden, you see only a hint of their dark faces and their hands. The man strikes his guitar and sings; his voice is high, a singing that is very like what one hears in Sicily, in Girgenti, even in Taormina, despite the foreigners, along the roads at night, a strange mode full of its Arabic origins. La Golondrina is the song he sings, the melody flutters and rises and falls, in that strange, high voice.

When the song ends there is no applause, and the singer strums almost inaudibly three or four chords; the senora passes a piece of money down the table to him, and she and her daughter rise and bow and walk away. An old woman in a black dress and black shawl, sitting on the curb a little away, with a glass of water on the ground beside her and one jasmine in it, calls out the name of her flower as the two women pass, in the hope of selling it. The restaurant traffic goes on, never hurried, never very loud, now and again there is a hum of conversation, a laugh, a quicker dialogue. The moon has risen over the town, the sky has retreated a little, the groups at the tables grown darker and closer down. The stone floor and the tables whiten in the moonlight. Presently an old bent man down the street beside the plaza to the south begins to lay his guitar, a fandango, passionate but not very loud, strumming, unbroken; the sound of it spreads along the streets and under the trees.

Stark Young.

The Jazz Problem

THE efforts of popular jazz and serious musical art to effect a junction and a marriage continue unabated. In fact, the struggle has furnished the chief source of interest of the new music of the season.

On one hand the Jazzberries of Louis Gruenberg and the piano concerto of Arthur Honegger, both played under the auspices of the League of Composers, apply to the rhythms of popular music the fastidious selective formula of modern impressionism, and, in splitting them up and shaving them down, largely rob them of their power. On the other hand, Mr. George Gershwin, parallel with his regular business of turning out musical comedies, has proceeded with his assault on the concert hall from the direction of Broadway. The present writer was unable to hear Gershwin's new piano concerto played by the New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Symphony Society (it has been discussed elsewhere in the New Republic); but his one-act Negro opera, 135th Street, was one of the most interesting features of Paul Whiteman's recent concert in Carnegie Hall. This opera was first produced three years ago in George White's Scandals and its origin probably explains the disappointment we feel in it as a drama when we see it on a more pretentious stage. It is impossible to tell whether 135th Street is to be taken as tragedy or burlesque. The scene is a Negro joint in Harlem: one of the girls is in love with a professional gambler; the latter announces to the proprietor, though not in the presence of his sweetheart, that he is going to visit his dear old mammy, whom he has not seen in many years. The café fills with people; the girl and her lover are together; the latter suddenly receives a telegram and leaves the room, refusing to divulge its contents to his jealous companion; interested parties induce her to believe that the telegram is from another woman and when her lover returns, she immediately shoots him. He dies; but not before he has had an opportunity to hand her the telegram in self-justification; it says, "It is no use to come. Your mammy has been dead three years." Mr. Gershwin's music, however, evidently aims at a certain dignity: a prologue imitated from Pagliacci introduces a score of which most of the setting of the action speaks with the conventional tragic accents of modern Italian opera. This setting cements together separate "numbers" in a vein of sophisticated jazz — a mammy song, a love song and a "blues." And here again the attempt to combine jazz with some more respectable musical idiom seems mechanical and unsatisfactory. In the case of the composers mentioned above, their invincibly alien spirit and technique had the effect of blighting the jazz and rendering it uninteresting. In the case of Gershwin, the jazz itself, which is his natural vehicle of expression, does not lack vivacity or color: in 135th Street it is admirable—especially in such passages as the prelude, where he elicits sinister and disturbing effects from the characteristic voices of the jazz orchestra. But it gives the impression of emerging in blocks from a background of conventional opera which has nothing in common with it and which, beside the vulgar vitality of the jazz, tends to take on the aspect of an imposture.

More artistically satisfactory than any of these compositions was Aaron Copland's Music for the Theatre played at one of the League of Composers' concerts. There are traces of Stravinsky in Mr. Copland; but he is not an imitator of Stravinsky—rather, he has a similar gift for conveying the excitement, the emotion, of the time, which has its popular expression in jazz, in a distinguished musical form. His vitality is as spontaneous as his culture is genuine. And there is probably more musical drama in his untitled and unannotated Music for the Theatre than in the whole of Gershwin's opera.

The career of Mr. Paul Whiteman, at whose concerts in Carnegie Hall the Gershwin opera was sung, is another interesting episode in the artistic development of jazz. Mr. Whiteman, as everybody knows, was formerly the leader of the most popular hotel dance orchestra in the United States. Now he occupies a different position: he appears in vaudeville and gives concerts; his orchestra has become an entertainment, an artistic performance, in itself. In listening to a whole evening of Paul Whiteman, we cannot always rid ourselves of the feeling—which obtrudes itself also, and to a greater degree, in the case of Vincent Lopez—that we should enjoy the music more if we were eating and talking while we listened to it. But, on the other hand, Paul Whiteman's orchestra nowadays would never do in a hotel; and I do not know whether it is any use for dancing. No modern French composer could have robbed the Charleston music more completely of the qualities which make people dance the Charleston to it than, by reducing it to its abstract pattern, Mr. Whiteman has. He has refined and disciplined his orchestra to a point of individuality and distinction where it would be likely to embarrass dancers and diners. Not that it is free from a virtuosity rather curious than distinguished. Among the features of Mr. Whiteman's recent concerts were a pair of pianists who played the same compositions at the same time on two different pianos in exact synchronization and with the effect of automatic piano players; and a man who performed a duet on a cornet and a clarinet, played Pop Goes the Weasel on a violin held in sixty-five different positions and finally rendered Hiawatha on an old bicycle pump. But Whiteman has drilled his musicians to better artistic purpose. When he makes a speech, as he did at Carnegie Hall, we realize how much his orchestra owes its peculiar excellence to its conductor, how far he has succeeded in investing it with his own characteristics. Whiteman's voice has precisely the qualities of one of his own muted trombones: he speaks with a hard Western r, but his phrases have a precision and economy, a sharp edge and a metallic resonance. And this is the character that his instruments take on when they depart furthest from their function of playing for other people to dance and come closest, apparently, to Mr. Whiteman's heart; a little dry, a little deliberate, a little lacking in lyric ecstasy, but very fastidious and elegant, and stamped with the ideal of perfection.

Mr. Deems Taylor has hitherto been rather conspicuous for his avoidance of the universal fashion. He has, however, in Circus Day, which was played at the Whiteman concerts, made use of jazz material. Nevertheless, he still stands outside the developments I have discussed above. It is as plain from his own compositions as it was from his musical criticism that the problems and the struggles of contemporary music do not interest him. I did not care much for his Jurgen, a symphonic poem played earlier in the season by the New York Symphony Society. It seemed rather syrupy and insipid. These are qualities, to be sure, of which Mr. Cabell himself is by no means guiltless; but there are also to be found in his novel a genuine note of natural magic and a sinister malaise. That Mr. Taylor desired to capture at least the second of these elements his program notes show; but, to this author at least, he failed to evoke either Mother Sereda of Koshchei the Deathless. He seems too easy-going, too amiable, too smooth, to be deeply troubled by the unknown quantities which these symbols represent; he leaves out the disturbing elements of Jurgen, as he did those of Through the Looking-Glass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But in Circus Day he has a subject as amiable as possible and he makes of it as charming as possible a piece of descriptive music. With great ingenuity at finding musical equivalents for roaring lions, jugglers, clowns, and the other features of the old-fashioned circus, he combines a taste which always restrains him from overdoing his effects and sacrificing music to cleverness. Circus Day was perhaps the happiest number of the Whiteman concerts.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Light Unto the Jew

SIR: "The world owes every man a living," says an old adage. After reading Mr. Waldo Frank's article, A Light Unto the Jew, one might well add, "and the Jew owes every man a spiritual living." Christ thought so, too, for it was he who said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." He did exactly what Mr. Frank says The Menorah is trying to do. Who more than he discovered for himself afresh what it is to be a Jew, whose "country is the mind, and his state is spirit"? Was it not Christ who proclaimed "The Kingdom of God is within you," and was it not he who held "that such work could flourish only if it were actively protected against all old formalisms"? Said he, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you," and because he made himself the son of God, speaking afresh as from the Father, formalists and ritualists and traditionalists, and others of their kind, put him to death. But not before he had again established the glorious truth that the Jew above all men has a genius for religion, that he more than other men has walked with God and, like Christ, can truly say, "I am come in my Father's name, I can of mine own self do nothing. As I hear, I judge; and my judgment is just; because I seek not mine own will but the will of the Father which hath sent me."

The need of the world today is, as Mr. Frank says, that we once again possess "the essential gift of Jewish genius." Would God that both Gentile and Jew might know afresh Jesus the Jew in whom this genius found its highest expression. Back to Christ or forward to Christ, it matters little how we phrase the rallying cry, the essential thing is that both Jew and Gentile, cutting through and away "all old formalisms," "justify" himself by finding for himself the "one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all," the God and Father of Jesus the Jew.

FRANKLIN K. MATHIEWS.

New York, N. Y.

Mr. Campbell Replies

SIR: I trust you will concede me a little space in your valuable journal to deal in sweet reasonableness with Mr. Bryson's review of my book Common Wealth in the issue of December 2.

I am quite ready to admit that in this book I descend to the "grosser atmosphere" of realism and attempt to deduce a *practicable* idealism based upon factual and physical conditions of life, the fundamental ones of which are economic. I recognize that humanity is biologically divided into a more competent minority who are naturally leaders and a less competent majority who are naturally followers. And this applies in all mass association, in war, in government, in economic relations, and in expanding the knowledge of truth and increasing human amenities. This minority however is by no means closely segregate, as many individuals belong only in some respects to it and in others to the majority. In a recent conversation with an ardent socialist I found that he and I were in full agreement as to the existence and inevitability of this minority and as to the necessity to the mass of gaining this minority's guidance and direction. Where our ways parted was in that he thought that the less competent majority must be made to *think* that it ruled. This of course is one of the several varieties of democracy. When democracy is able to divest itself of its euphemisms and sophisms there may be some clearer thinking.

Your reviewer sums up my thesis by saying that I would have our young capitalists educated in the repression of instinctive individualism in order to give power to the selfishness of the racial group. His intrusion of the word selfishness prevents my acceptance of this summary. It is quite true that I would have the competent minority educated in the repression of instinctive individualism in order to give power to the racial group. But this racial power would not be used for racial selfishness, whatever that may be, but for what would be adjudged the best human ends. It is quite true, as your reviewer says, that some modern thinking is profoundly in revolt against such ideas, and, I may add, particularly where these ideas attempt to base themselves upon biology. But the revolt against biology does not seem to be prospering. Power is required for human accomplishment and the greater the power the greater the accomplishment. Probably the greatest human power and the greatest human accomplishment will come out of the most correct understanding of the factual conditions of human relations. It cannot be a useless task to seek a more complete understanding of these conditions nor is it unreasonable to hope that such a task is a proper function for study and teaching in universities (sic). Some readers might and some might not consider all this nonsense, depending, as your reviewer truly says, upon their ineluctable differences in mental makeup.

Mr. Wiggam in his Decalogue of Science puts the biological question clearly when he says that evolution is a bloody business whereas modern humanitarianism tries to make of it a pink tea. To those who are actuated by the latter aspiration, to consider human conditions as founded upon "economic blood and iron" is bound to leave a stale taste in their mouths. And the more such unpalatable pabulum is placed before them the more they will congratulate themselves upon the retention of their self-respect in refusing to countenance such gross ideas.

C. G. CAMPBELL.

La Jolla, Calif.

Oil and the Next War

SIR: Market reports indicate that the current supply of peace proposals exceeds the demand, inferring that the world has more peace than it knows what to do with.

It is therefore with no expectation of winning $100,000 that the following plan is offered. It has only three advantages: first, it is more or less new; second, it aims to prevent one war at a time and that the next one; third, it does not require the coöperation or consent of other nations.

Of course we all know that the next war will be over oil. Also, we as a nation consume more oil than the rest of the world combined. We are indulging in an orgy of automotion, a gasoline jag. It is this, and not international banking, that is driving us into war.

My plan is simple enough. Let the government classify automobiles according to their degrees of social utility, and ration the amount of gasoline to be consumed. If there is not enough left for joy-rides, then in the interests of peace let us walk.

BERTHA F. LANE.

Seattle, Wash.

Jobs for Ex-Princes

SIR: I see by the papers that Prince Carol of Rumania has renounced his succession to the throne; and the Prince of Wales, it is whispered, may do likewise. I am strongly tempted to wager all the nice silver paper off my Christmas cigars that they will both end up in the ideal job for retired nobility—selling real estate in Miami.

L. E. V.

New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nietzsche Said It

SIR: Referring to N. F. C.'s letter in your issue of December 23, I want to state that the first and, indeed, classic condensation of the controversy between "freedom" and "libertinism" ought to be attributed to Nietzsche. In the first part of Thus Spake Zarathustra occurs the famous passage: "Frei wovon? Was schiert das Zarathustra! Hell aber soll mir dein Auge künden: frei wozu?"

DR. CHARLOTTE LÜTKENS.

New York, N. Y.

XLI Poems

SIR: In the review of XLI Poems (New Republic, December 2,) Mr. Walter F. Kohn says

> a has gold
> teeth b pink
> suspenders c
> reads Atlantis

completely characterizes and graphically describes two Greeks and a Persian.

I say, quite as well any three things at all, including the Erinys, except, perhaps, a chicken, an angle worm, and a blind alley otherwise named.

And I ask him: "Are you in jest? E. E. C. is also a rowdy and audacious wag. Could he disarticulate the leg you lean upon without knowing?"

I submit the quatrain

> mercy misled
> teas middle name begins with s
> bees weight is over forty pounds
> sees age is less than seven years
> peas sometimes seen in Ford cars

as a better poem, having four complete lines and characters without mangling. In the title I pronounce the i long, s and e silent; but Reader's Choice!

HARRISON BROWN.

Laplata, N. M.

Nietzsche and the Psychoanalysts

SIR: In Gilbert Seldes's illuminating article on Nietzsche in the New Republic he says: "The psychoanalysts and the followers of Taine will have their belittling way with him." I am glad to point out that at least one psychoanalyst, and possibly the greatest of them, Dr. Jung, has this to say about Nietzsche (Psychological Types):

> When Schiller lived, the time for dealing with the underworld (the unconscious) was not yet come. Nietzsche at heart was much nearer to it, for to him it was certain that we were approaching an epoch of great struggle. He it was, the only true pupil of Schopenhauer, who tore through the veil of naïveté and in his Zarathustra conjured up from that lower region ideas that were destined to be the most vital content of the coming age.

And again: "Preëminently his Zarathustra brings to light the contents of the collective unconscious of our time."

In this sense he makes Nietzsche the intuitive forerunner of modern analytic psychology. But Dr. Jung does not fall into the error which overtakes Mr. Seldes. Mr. Seldes says:

> From the beginning he saw existence as a playground of equal, antithetical forces, Dionysos and Apollo, and although he is adored by the ignorant as the prophet of the one, he never abandoned the other—the calm, balanced mastery of the Apollonian. At the end of his life the inevitable opposites were Zarathustra and Christ, but there his choice was more between Zarathustra and Christianity. For him Zarathustra was the prophet who first saw the creation of energy, the beginning of life, in the interplay of good and evil. The field of possible activity he left to men was wider than that of Christ; the wide field, the intense cultivation both appealed to Nietzsche.

The field of possible activity that Nietzsche left to men was wide indeed, the whole neglected area of will-to-power and individual freedom, but this area surely cannot be any wider than its opposite, the area of love, which is that of Christ. The antithesis which Jung makes between Nietzsche and Wagner brings out this point exactly:

> It is, I think, characteristic of our psychology that the present epoch was, as it were, ushered in by two minds who were destined to have immense influence upon the hearts and minds of the younger generation: Wagner, the advocate of love, who in his music sounds the whole scale of feeling from Tristan down to incestuous passion, and from Tristan up to the loftiest spirituality of the Grail, and Nietzsche, the advocate of power and the victorious will of the individuality. In his last and loftiest utterance Wagner took hold of the Grail legend, as Goethe selected Dante, while Nietzsche chose the image of a lordly caste and a lordly morality, an image which had found its embodiment in many a fair-haired heroic and knightly figure of the Middle Ages. Wagner breaks the bonds that stifle love, while Nietzsche shatters the "tables of value" that cramp the individuality. They both strive after similar goals, while at the same time creating irremediable discord, for where love is, individual power can never prevail, which the dominating power of the individual precludes the reign of love.

As Jung points out further, the values of Nietzsche inhere in the introverted type, those of Wagner in the extraverted. Naturally an introvert will usually find Nietzsche a "wider field."

It is surprising to me that so much of our modern criticism ignores the epochal discoveries of Jung in such a manner as to lead one to believe that the critic had not fully read Jung and was quite unaware that a new foundation was being laid for criticism as well as for conduct of life.

JAMES OPPENHEIM.

New York, N. Y.

Another Law Wanted

SIR: Since, as I am told, it is a law of God that purchasing-power in the employe's pocket shall never equate the prices on the goods that employers have to sell, would it not be a good idea to pass a law that, at least, in the case of men's suits, for every suit sold, a yard of like material shall be sold with it, for patches. That would at least help women to avoid the plight in which I found myself this morning—two elbow holes to mend, and not a speck of extra goods, on seams, that could be clipped for the purpose. For the advantage of other wives, I will suggest that the button hole flaps of the back pockets will do for patching elbows—if the holes are taken in time. I do not know however what to do when these patches wear out. I have some pink calico, left over from the dress of a long-ago baby. This dipped in ink may be mobilized for my purpose.

One further suggestion. For women who have bought no new furniture in this century, perhaps the state legislature could be induced to distribute hammer and nails to constituents, after the fashion of the federal government in distributing seeds. If this were done, perhaps we housewives could make our furniture last a century longer.

These suggestions may be sufficient for the wives of "salaried" men. What the wives of poor "laboring men" can do, I am unable to say.

THRIFTY HOUSEWIFE.

Bay Shore, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Symbol of Conservatism

Calvin Coolidge: The Man Who Is President, by William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 252 pages. $2.

IN Love v. Atlanta, 95 Georgia 129, in the course of holding a city not liable for an injury caused by the negligent driving of a municipal ash cart, Atkinson, J., observed:

> However incongruous it may appear to be to say that this diminutive darkey and this refractory mule were engaged in the performance of some of the functions of government, it is nevertheless true, and illustrates how even the humblest of its citizens under the operation of its laws may become in Georgia an important public functionary.

This authoritatively adjudicated legal miracle finds something of a counterpart in Mr. White's treatment of Mr. Coolidge. There is analysis that will fortify the most fervent of Mr. Coolidge's critics. There is portraiture which should satisfy the most discriminating of his admirers. With some strange skill difficult to fathom, Mr. White performs the miracle before our eyes and makes a worthy and not unattractive figure out of details that ought of their own right to yield something quite the contrary. With one book he kills two myths: "the myth of the strong, dumb, omniscient creature who hurls thunderbolts out of silence," and the myth of "the meek, dull, lucky little man who sits tight and grabs quickly."

The details for the critics are abundant. Mr. Coolidge has "a congenital lack of leadership" and "no quality of daring that makes a great leader." As governor of Massachusetts "he was limited in his outlook, sometimes sadly was cramped in his vision." "He came into the White House as he has come into every situation in his life—ignored, snubbed, insignificant." In the Warren episode he showed "a short and crusty temper." To a man of his point of view it "was a matter of secondary consideration" that Mr. Warren when protecting the property and interests of the Sugar Trust "was not protecting the common interests of the people of the United States." He has "a mystic faith in the righteousness of a swap." He "exalts the ideals of the peddler, the horse trader, the captain of industry." His "conscience flinches when business winces."

Surely here is characterization to kindle the sceptical zeal of those who resent the myth of the super-man and to move them to inflict the book on their business brethren who have not yet seen the light. Yet the etching as a whole leaves a more favorable impression. There emerges the figure, not of a great man, but of a solid man, a trustworthy man, a man true to himself and to the light and darkness that is in him, a dignified, humble, homely, simple servant of the cause which seems to him most worth serving. Without vanity and without pretense, without rancor or vindictiveness, without bluster or bluff, without most of the frailties that so often inhere in those who are not frail, the portrait which Mr. White paints is one that the admirers of Mr. Coolidge can view with tolerance and without undue abatement of their admiration.

If there is indictment in it, it is indictment which Mr. Coolidge must share with the predominant portion of the American people and of mankind everywhere. The study is a study of a high priest of the worship of the Golden Calf. The priest put the gospel with accustomed pith in saying that "the business of America is business." So he has used his appointive powers over commissions designed to restrain business to transform them into commissions "to protect business, to promote business, to provide for more and better business"; and this he does "not stealthily, not with a Puritan sense of sin, but with a high pride, a glowing zeal in his work." His "faith in the Divine ordination of wealth to rule the world and promote civilized progress is evidenced by his opposition to the inheritance tax." He looks at the tariff as the protector of the vested rights "of the millworker to his grandfather's job" or of the "stockholder to his grandfather's dividends." And all this worship of business and of wealth has been the mood of America since the war. This is the decade of reaction from war. "The people are not interested in large altruistic enterprises. They desire substantial things, and for themselves chiefly." This is the mood in which "they turned overwhelmingly to Coolidge."

> Coolidge symbolizes rather than leads conservatism. He lacks the daring of leadership. His courage is of another quality, which makes neither converts nor crusaders, but which does hold the fort.

Those who disrelish the ideals which Mr. Coolidge symbolizes and which he serves may not unnaturally disrelish Mr. Coolidge. If he were responsible for leading us into the triumphant dollardom of the day, it would be suitable to spend scolding upon him. If he had deceived us as to his qualities or his ideals, still warmer dispraise should be his portion. The reader of Mr. White's study will hardly think of Mr. Coolidge as a leader in any sense, nor will he find in the long political career any symptoms inducing a prognosis that time has not verified. Mr. Coolidge of the White House is Mr. Coolidge of Northampton and Beacon Hill. Not for him the somersaults of Roosevelt or the inconstancies of Wilson. It is something to stand steadfast, even if steadfastness is made easier by narrowness of vision. Had Mr. Coolidge stayed in Plymouth and followed his father in the country store, the balance of his strength and weakness might win praise even from those who now find it least to their liking. He seems to be about the same human being in the White House that he would have been in the country store.

One might assume from Mr. White that only in Vermont do they breed this strain. In a sort of rapturous fantasy he explains Mr. Coolidge almost wholly by his ancestors and his early habitat. Yet one who knows Vermont from a greater intimacy than life in Kansas may question whether this ecological explanation is all-sufficient. If it were, John Dewey should be a replica of Calvin Coolidge, for he too is the son of a Vermont storekeeper. Or better yet, Calvin Coolidge might be a replica of John Dewey. Both were born in the state where, according to Mr. White, there was "precious little aspiration, no urge to adventure, no yearning for larger liberties, no vision of nobler living." If only John Dewey had been born in Kansas, how high he might have soared! From his long-distance view, Mr. White tells us too that "in Vermont crabbed taciturnity is accounted a virtue." If this explains Calvin Coolidge, it should also explain George Harvey and John Barrett. Mr. White does not suffer his imagination to be fettered by any requisite of documentation. He must have his background sombre to make his picture all of one tone. He seems to think that a state must be all of one color as it is in the geography books. It is a pity that his book was off the press before the Christmas-day dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

patch from Princeton announcing Professor Howell's discovery in Vermont of the oldest fish fossil or fossil fish yet known to man. Had Mr. White but known that this Cambrian chordite had been embedded in Vermont soil for fifty million years, he might have added ichthyological and paleontological foreordination to his other Vermont determinants of the characteristics and the career he depicts.

Mr. White's what is more trustworthy than his why. For all his use of the large brush, he has written a most discerning book. At many points his evaluations may be open to question, but he has helped to explode two Coolidge myths and has added to our understanding of what often has seemed a strange phenomenon. In the debit column he writes without malice and without glee, though he lists a lot of items. On the credit side he puts all that human generosity can dictate, and he leaves it to his readers to strike the balance. Those who insist on keeping cool toward Coolidge may still find in themselves no thaw, though they may be led to differentiate between what he stands for and what he is. Those who cherish what he stands for as worthy of all acceptation can turn Mr. White's debits into credits and go on their way rejoicing. This is their day. Those for whom it is now night may take cheer from Mr. White's hints of other days to come:

> Calvin Coolidge is the man of the hour. But the sands run swiftly in the hourglass. Thrift, frugality, punctuality, precision—the business virtues—may not always suffice . . .
>
> Coolidge's life has had in it little drama; because he has faced little opposition. His progress has been with the stream of tendencies in American life. Never has he breasted it. While he rides the wave, his course will maintain its calm. But if the wave spends its strength, then — perhaps the rocks, the crash, the wreck.

THOMAS REED POWELL.

Progress in the Government of Cities

American City Government, by William Anderson. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 650 pages. $5.

WE have made progress in the field of municipal government since Lord Bryce declared American municipal democracy an outstanding failure. Only within the past few weeks; the Chicago Tribune pointed out editorially that in government efficiency the cities were outstripping the states. May it not be that the chief contribution of America to democracy will be in that field in which the most conspicuous political blunders have been made? In his work on American City Government, Professor Anderson gives cause for such a hope. While revealing present weaknesses he points back over the long road traversed and recalls to mind the achievements made.

The ward boss, it is true, is not yet a memory, but he is not quite the same ward boss of other days. While using some of the old tricks, he may not be absolutely oblivious to public opinion. The same might be said of the old machines. —Behold the regeneration of Tammany Hall.

Further signs of promise are found in the rise of independent reform parties; in the evolution of the commission and city manager types of government; in the reform of the municipal civil service through the adoption of the merit system; in the reform of municipal budget and accounting systems; in the rise of civic consciousness; in the persistent activity of great city-wide and community associations pledged to honesty and efficiency in city government. Here are ample reasons for optimism. In giving a sound and unbiassed progress report, Professor Anderson has done a creditable piece of work.

Repetition might be avoided by condensing into one or two chapters at the close of the book those parts which have to do with the application of the law of municipal corporations. The importance of the law underlying the government of cities might in this way be further emphasized and more readily understood by the student. In connection with the legal phase of city government certain points might be more fully discussed. One of these has to do with the American practice of granting powers to specific officers rather than to the municipal corporation as such. The inflexibility of such a system and the difficulties arising therefrom should be more fully dealt with. Another point arises in connection with the liability of the city for the acts of its agents. What Professor Anderson gives on this matter is excellent so far as it goes, but the treatment of the subject would be improved if some idea were given of the confusion which has arisen because of the distinction between acts in connection with public functions and acts in connection with private or proprietary functions. Attention should be given to the opinion of those authorities who contend that the liability of the city in connection with tortious acts of its employes should be complete.

The importance which such matters as city planning and police administration have taken on in recent years raises the question whether they do not deserve special treatment in a textbook in municipal government. Professor Anderson neglects city planning almost entirely and gives scattering attention to the police problem. The lack of a complete consideration of these problems detracts from a work which is otherwise very comprehensive.

Professor Anderson's work is primarily a textbook for the college student. It is more: it is a good college textbook. Those subjects of which it treats, it treats, for the most part, thoroughly. The diagrams, charts, and tables incorporated in the text should be valuable to both teacher and student. Certain chapters are worthy of especial commendation: the chapters on the people in our cities, on the electorate, on public opinion, on administration and the civil service, and on finance.

In the preface to his book, Professor Anderson says:

> On the other side stand the hundreds and perhaps thousands of young men and women who may in time peruse his chapters. The text writer has fully as much to fear them as to fear their instructors, for they are not bound by any considerations of professional courtesy to "be nice" to the author and his work. If they dislike the book they are likely to say so; if they find nothing worth while in it . . . the instructor is almost certain to find out the facts at an early date.

This is indeed a compliment to college students, and fully deserved. It would not be rash, however, for one who knows the students pretty well to predict that they will find little to condemn and much to praise in American City Government.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men, Flies and Statistics

The Biology of Population Growth, by Raymond Pearl. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 260 pages. $3.50.

PROFESSOR RAYMOND PEARL has become, during the last few years, one of the best known scientists in the country. Among scientists he is notable as a leading exponent of the statistical method in biology, sometimes called biometry, whereby it is proposed to come at the laws that govern life and growth by taking a sufficiently distant view of these processes to treat them in the mass and so to discover the "correlations" between causes and effects. Within a year Professor Pearl has become Director of the Institute of Biological Research of Johns Hopkins University, an organization devoted to this type of investigation. To the general public he is chiefly famous for his reported prediction that the population of the United States will reach 197,000,000 in A. D. 2100. In writing this book he has had both his audiences in mind. It is "addressed primarily to men of science, but there is nothing in it beyond the comprehension of the average educated reader."

The Biology of Population Growth is not a demonstration of the famous prophecy. Its concern is with certain rather more general principles of population growth. Chief among these is the "logistic curve" which takes the place of the Malthusian ratios as the law of population. This curve has been found to apply with suggestive accuracy to various widely separated cases of population growth. For example, it has occurred to the biometrists to apply it to the growth of multicellular organisms, whose development it has fitted admirably. The parallel between a tadpole's tail and the United States of America is not compellingly close, of course; but as every multicellular organism is in a certain sense a population of constituent cells, the analogy is perhaps allowable, especially when it appears that the tadpole's tail, the male white rat, the pumpkin, working yeast, Sweden, France, Germany, and a concert of powers, do actually increase all at the same curvilinear rate. It is, in fact, almost an uncanny concurrence, holding every living thing in its spell. At any rate, Professor Pearl cites no "negative correlations."

The most brilliant exemplar of the principle is, of course, our old friend, Drosophila melanogaster, known to his friends as the fruit fly. With considerable ingenuity Professor Pearl and his colleagues at Johns Hopkins have reproduced upon experimental populations of fruit flies various conditions; the increase of population, the approach of the "saturation point," the decline of the birth rate—unaccountably but unmistakably—when population pressure has become severe. One further odd phenomenon has attracted the scientists' attention: when the size of the containers was increased it appeared that a greater density of flies developed. A large container could apparently harbor more flies per cubic inch than a small one. But this point remains to be worked out by further correlations.

The entire central portion of the book is given over to a statistical study of conditions in Algeria. This country has recommended itself to biometrists because it is a non-European, non-Christian, non-industrial community for which nevertheless excellent figures are available, thanks to French colonial administration. The Algerians have been little touched by modern medicine and sanitation, scarcely at all by birth control. Yet their population figures rise and fall by the curve which rules the world. Neither Algerians nor fruit flies practice birth control; yet their birth rate falls when population teems.

The importance of birth control is differential, according to Professor Pearl. After rehearsing the familiar evidence of declining reproduction among the wealthier classes, indicating the ever present danger of the lower classes swamping the upper, he presents some new and amazing figures of sexual indulgence among various groups of middle-class Americans. These figures, which were gathered under conditions which lead Professor Pearl to credit them, indicate a normalcy of sexual impulse among Americans that bodes ill for voluntary restraint. Apparently Malthus was right in expecting very little of married people. Only contraception can cope with human nature as Professor Pearl reveals it.

It is a peculiarity of Professor Pearl's scientific reasoning that it does not take the form of a close-knit argument. It appears rather as a collection of data, a report of various investigations, from which only very modest conclusions are overtly drawn. Thus the prediction of 197,000,000 for the United States is mentioned only parenthetically, almost apologetically, and the reader is urged to draw no premature inference from the amazing capacity of fruit flies to live more densely in a large bottle. Professor Pearl is very anxious to avoid suggesting that the conquest of Mexico would increase the capacity of Maine. All this gives the book the tone and flavor of scientific caution. Whether this will make it more acceptable to scientists outside the biometric circle is a question. The scientists will be affected not so much by the tone of caution as by the details of the evidence. But the "average educated reader," especially Mr. Wiggam and his like who have banked so heavily on "Pearl's brilliant demonstrations" in the past, will no doubt be favorably affected. The author's modesty will not extend to Mr. Wiggam. After all, the curves are there. They are "scientifically proved." Professor Pearl may shrink from sensationalism, but why should we? Let us announce it boldly: science proves that the conquest of Mexico would increase the population of Maine!

There is sound logic in this argument—if the curves are sound. Are they? I am not sure. The potency of the logistic curve (and its accompanying equation) seems to lie in this: the process begins gradually and ends gradually. I suspect that the logistic curve would apply to the speed of an automobile. The automobile gathers speed gradually, runs at full speed for a space, and then slows down. So does a bullet. So does a runner. Are the curves the same for all? Perhaps. But I suspect the magic of this curve's universality. Runners, automobiles, and bullets travel varying distances at varying speeds. No doubt they could be charted on the same graph, or reduced to the same equation if the units were manipulated suitably. If feet and seconds made the bullet's graph stand up straight, they could be altered to millimeters and seconds. If inches and minutes flattened out the automobile, it could be raised again on a basis of yards and minutes. I suspect that tadpoles, and fruit flies, and Algerians consort together within the same coordinates upon some such basis as this.

Another difficulty troubles me. This curve is self-limited. It charts a cycle of growth. In the case of the tadpole's tail and the bottleful of flies the cycle is obvious because artificially selected. What marks off a cycle of population growth? Clearly there can be no indubitable beginning, unless one select the Creation, the Flood, Plymouth rock, or some such moment. But none of these cycles was worked

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out in this way. In fact, their beginnings are so indefinite and inconsequential and so silently passed by in the demonstration, that I am led to suspect that they were hit upon statistically. The figures were spread upon the table and a point was found where they began to curve. This point was assumed as the beginning of a cycle. Such a process does not affect the validity of the curve; but it does diminish my interest in the meaning of the curves. What guarantee have we that such hit-and-miss cycles are going to continue? The analogy of the tadpole's tail?

Apparently this point bothers Professor Pearl. After his curves are all complete he warns us that we must not assume that the population is actually, in fact, going to follow them in the future — there are so many factors which enter in, etc., etc., etc. But if population can't be counted on to follow the "law of population," what good is the blessed law, anyhow? Of course, the science of biometry is in its infancy. Is it a seven months' child?

C. E. AYRES.

Moralizing Lady Mary

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: Her Life and Letters (1689-1762), by Lewis Melville. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 320 pages. $5.

WHAT a biographer can do when he tries is well illustrated by Mr. Lewis Melville's selection from the correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The coincidence of two waves of interest—interest in the eighteenth century and interest in biography—made it inevitable that sooner or later the letters of Lady Mary should be offered the modern reader in some guise or other. But not even a public that has seen the romanticizing of poor Stella and the elevation of the Queen of the Blues is quite prepared to see the toast of the Kit Cat Club and the plague of Pope turned into a matronly moralist a little pensive from domestic anxiety.

By the selection and arrangement of her letters, without date, in an order to suit his purpose not hers, Mr. Melville has falsified his subject to the great disadvantage of his readers. The quality of Lady Mary's letters is to be found in the spicy, loquacious aggregate of her correspondence, and not in the wit or stylistic perfection or wisdom of individual epistles. A collection which inserts in separate pigeon-holes her views on women's education, her literary criticism, her quarrel with Pope, makes a Blue Stocking out of a raconteur.

In his preface the editor gravely states that the letters "either whole or in part, are given only in so far as they have biographical or historical significance." Mr. Melville's sense of values derives less, perhaps, from history or psychology than from editorial convenience. Without adding notably to previous knowledge, he surveys Lady Mary's girlhood and early married years, her Constantinople experience, the Rémond scandal, and the quarrel with Pope. Writing of the quarrel the editor dogmatizes upon the insincerity of the "strain of adulation" in Pope's early letters, but concludes: "Anyhow, it is a sorry story, a blot on the scutcheon of the poet, who, good-hearted as he usually was, was cursed by the gift . . . of alienating his friends, etc." So rests the myth of the "wasp of Twickenham."

The selection from the Turkish correspondence shows Lady Mary reflecting on the modesty of deportment at the Turkish baths, the morality of the seraglios, the effects on conduct of Christianity, or its lack. "As to their morality or good conduct," she writes, "'tis just as it is with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christian." Of slighter biographical or historical value, apparently, is the entertainingly circumstantial account of Lady Mary's reception by the Sultana Hafitén, which with others of its kind is omitted from the collection.

From the running comment on the books she is reading contained in Lady Mary's letters to her daughter, Lady Bute, the selection seems to throw emphasis upon her concern for Richardson's morality. "He is as ignorant of morality as of anatomy," she writes on one occasion; and Charlotte Grandison "acts with an ingratitude that I think too black for human nature, with such coarse jokes and low expressions as are only heard among the lowest class of people." "Lady Mary was in sore trouble about Richardson," says the editor.

Chapter XV, entitled Lady Mary on Education and Women's Rights brings together in undated passages from letters of various years and moods her views on the necessity of careful supervision of children's reading, on the false notions of life to be derived from novels, on the efficacy of studies to relieve the tedium of women's lives. "Let their brothers shine," she writes of her grand-daughters, "and let them content themselves with making their lives easier by it, which I experimentally know is more effectually done by study than any other way." That plaintive note suggests an affinity between the sophisticated, pleasure-loving Lady Mary and some discreet writer for boarding-school young ladies like Mrs. Pilkington or Mrs. Barbauld. In the recurrence of this suggestion lies the false emphasis of the whole volume. The danger of similar falsification indeed overshadows most editorial selections from the documentary sources of biography. The danger is greater, however, when the work is done under such pressure of time as is suggested by the pedestrian style of the editorial comment and the typographical errors in this volume.

HELEN SARD HUGHES.

As to the West—Far and Middle

The Taming of the Frontier, a symposium edited by Duncan Aikman. New York: Minton, Balch. 319 pages. $3.

The Aristocratic West, by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Harper and Brothers. 220 pages. $3.50.

The Drifting Cowboy, by Will James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 241 pages. $3.50.

One Man's Life, by Herbert Quick. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill. 408 pages. $5.

Buffalo Days, by Col. Homer W. Wheeler. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill. 369 pages. $4.

AMERICA seems to be freshly aware of its own West; perhaps because of several years' reduction of European travel, or perhaps because of the films and the film makers. Here is a typical set of assorted comments, written each in its own mood and from its own viewpoint. The first, The Taming of the Frontier, is an example of the mildly depressing gang talk of the world-weary and communicative Bohemian who regards himself as an apostle of individualism. It is a series of chapters on western cities by ten authors who are selected for the fine freedom of their minds and tastes.

Seven of these with the editor, number eight, deplore

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with one accord the dear, dead days when shootings were as common on the plains as they are now in the big cities, and when open gambling houses, brothels, dance halls and saloons paid the taxes and controlled the politics. They write of procurers with the zest of naughty post-adolescents. Three of them indulge in circumlocutions for the same piece of gutter obscenity. The other three contributors display some traces of individuality, and one, a seasoned journalist, is very conscious of his independence in declaring that "Kansas City of today . . . is more desirable, more interesting in every way than the bold, bad town" of the days of Jesse James, and in saying later that standardization is objectionable "only when it is an outward symbol of inward dullness."

The six chapters in Mrs. Gerould's book are, of course, of a very different sort. She does not care disproportionately for the picturesque past, though she knows it through documents, and believes that Bill Hart, and he alone, gives the feeling of it on the screen. What she sees in the Far West today is a ground for certain nice discriminations of judgment. She gives a series of etchings, related to life, but not life-like. It is characteristic of her that in Albuquerque she finds only a center for trips to the surrounding country. She deplores the architecture of the new hotel, but makes no acknowledgment of the near presence of primitive arts. She does not see that humanly, as well as topographically this desert land is a land of fair mirages, and that if it is a region of frank rapacities it is different from the East in being scornful of bluffs and disguises. Mrs. Gerould has written a sort of obligato on the West for the upper register of a muted violin.

Will James is Will James. His stories are like his drawings, always heels in air, or laid up waiting for the next set-to; and Colonel Wheeler's book is an unassimilated mass of military and Indian reminiscence made fast to various introductory buoys and life preservers that fail in spite of all precautions to keep it afloat.

But in *One Man's Life* Herbert Quick made a satisfying valedictory. In a passage on meadow larks he cast his theory of life in the Middle West: "I feel sure that I have heard the same individual bird change from the rather thin and tweedling song of the east to the bold and liquid sweetness of the west. . . . My theory of the western meadow lark is that it is merely an eastern bird which learned in the great open spaces to give forth a broader and fuller message than that which is brought from the forests."

It is a suggestive theme. Quick's own family came from the east, and he learned to sing in the west. The same is true of Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Hamlin Garland and Willa Cather. Perhaps that is the reason for the fullness of tone of their Tales of the Pacific Slope and Huckleberry Finn and A Son of the Middle Border and Pioneers, and of Quick's own Vandemark's Folly and The Hawkeye. And perhaps that is why, after all but Herbert Quick had returned to settle in eastern comfort and prosperity, they showed an increasing tendency to "tweedle."

To the end there was no tweedling from Herbert Quick. He came from unpretentious folk of whom the best that could be said was that they were hard-working, earned their living, and paid their debts. Out on the Iowa prairies his hard knocks made him big-hearted, sensitive, strong, and endowed him with the beginnings of wisdom. Half failures and slow starts did not sour him, and eminence did not make him puffy. In the pages of his farewell book he was the same simple, genial, homespun character that he was in fairly unpromising young manhood. Whether he realized it or not, he wrote pertinently of himself when he said, anent the meadow lark, "The Yankees and the Southerners went through the same sort of change. In both cases it is the voice of the West, the message of the land of the unhidden sky." PERCY H. BOYNTON.

America's Philosophy

The Pluralist Philosophies of England and America, by Jean Wahl. London: Open Court Publishing Company. 324 pages. $3.

THIS discussion of pluralist philosophies in England and America is significant as a symptom if not as a book, for it points to the fact that slowly American thought is resuming the position in Europe that it had during the great days before the Civil War. I recommend this book, not for the light that it throws upon Pluralism, but for the light that it throws on the reaction of a continental mind to American philosophy. Things go! One of Dr. Dewey's little brochures on Education has been translated into French, in spite of the fact that Dr. Dewey's style, which is merely difficult to the patient American reader, is actually painful to the sensitive French scholar. In spite of our persistent gaucheries, however, American thought is being "taken in." As an example of this nascent curiosity and sympathy, Dr. Wahl's rather heavy exposition claims a place on our shelves. LEWIS MUMFORD.

Mere Mortals, by C. MacLaurin. New York: George H. Doran Company. — pages. $2.50.

THE author of Post Mortems has continued his explanation of historical personages on the basis of pathology. This second book develops the idea that syphilis is to blame for much of the harm in the world, and that our unwillingness to call the Red Plague by its right name is responsible for much of the syphilis. The characterizations are lively and the symptoms horrible. MacLaurin himself offers an example of two-fold personality, on paper at least. For at one moment he blandly invokes the "process of evolution toward righteousness," and a few pages later can remark that "Luther was not a nice man; but nice men do not revolutionize the world." Fortunately, the less dogmatic fraction predominates in this effort to establish thermometer and stethoscope as historical forces. B. G.

Contributors

DAN WILLIAMS, a Texas newspaper man, now living in New York, is on the staff of the New York World.

HECTOR MCKINNON, a Canadian writer, has published articles in the Review of Reviews and the World's Work.

THOMAS REED POWELL, a native of Vermont, is professor of law at the Harvard Law School.

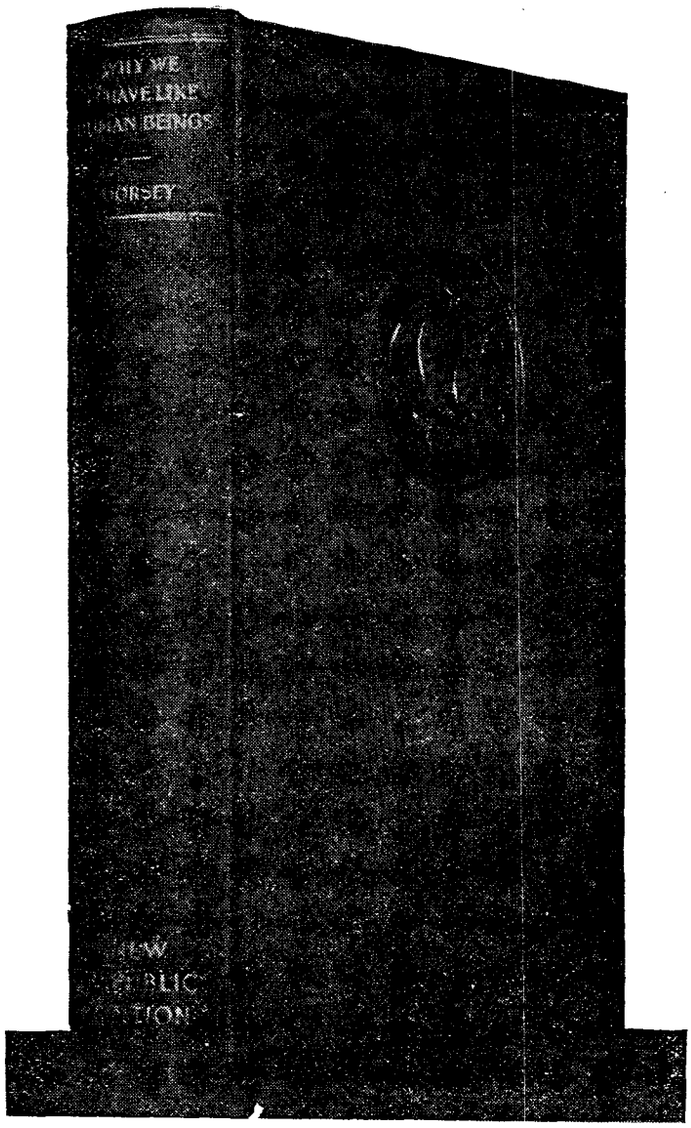
JEROME G. KERWIN is a professor at the University of Chicago.

HELEN SARD HUGHES is associate professor of English at Wellesley.

PERCY H. BOYNTON is the author of London in English Literature and A History of American Literature.

LEWIS MUMFORD has written The Story of Utopias, and Sticks and Stones: An Interpretation of American Architecture and Civilization.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The New Republic Edition of this book was the largest of all. More than half has already been sold. It is the only one of the Set of Seven that may be had separately, with The New Republic. The reproduction above is a little more than one half actual size. The book has 512 pages, is printed in large, clear type on the same paper precisely as the standard Harper edition, bound in blue cloth with gold lettering and the NR ship die stamped in blank on the cover—with a year of The NR, both postpaid in the U. S. A:—

$6.60

The New REPUBLIC
421 West 21st Street
New York City

For the enclosed $6.60 Send N R and Book to:

Name .....

Address .....

1-13-26

New Year's Reminders

Here is a column of vast importance. It enables you to remember everybody you forgot. And inevitably somebody is forgotten who remembered in time. Say thanks with a New Year's reminder—recalling that our gift card this year bears the discreet message, "With all good wishes."

OFFER NO. 1.

The Amercan Mercury and The New Republic both for a year

$7.50

(a saving of $2.50)

OFFER NO. 2.

The New Republic for a year and any two volumes of The Modern Library both for $5.00

if the subscription is new

(Order by number.)

Among the outstanding new titles:

No. 114 WILLIAM JAMES — *The Philosophy of William James, Introduction by Horace M. Kallen.*
"A book to be grateful for."—Halsey Raines in the N. Y. Times, Jan. 3, 1926.

No. 30 WILLIAM BEEBE — *Jungle Peace, with Theodore Roosevelt's Foreword.*

No. 69 ALEXANDER DUMAS—*Camille.*

No. 113 W. S. GILBERT — *Pinafore and Other Plays, Introduction by Gilbert Gabriel.*

No. 106 EMIL BRONTE—*Wurthering Heights, Introduction by Rose Macaulay.*

THE NEW REPUBLIC, 421 WEST 21ST ST., N. Y.

☐ I accept Offer No. 1 above, and enclose $7.50.

☐ I accept Offer No. 2 above, and enclose $5 for books No.—— and No. ——.

Name .....

Address .....

1-13-26

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED